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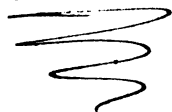
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To

Dr. B. W. Day
with the compliments
of
Cassie Ryan

Kingston

Nov: 2nd 1868



SONGS OF A WANDERER.



SONGS
OF A
WANDERER



BY
CARROLL RYAN

OF THE

100TH

PRINCE OF WALES' ROYAL CANADIAN REGIMENT



OTTAWA:
PRINTED BY G. E. DESBARATS.

1867.

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TO
LIEUT.-COLONEL WM. CAMPBELL.
COMMANDING THE
100TH
P. W. R. C. REGIMENT

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED BY HIS OBLIGED AND
HUMBLE SERVANT

CARROLL RYAN.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

Ten years ago, when I was still a boy, I published a small volume of poems, which contained nearly all the errors incident to such productions of youth and inexperience. Since then I have had more extended means of observation, but not as much for study as I could desire, indeed few can know all the difficulties I have had to contend against in prosecuting those studies of which this work, is in part, the fruit. Poetry has ever been to me the chief charm and solace of existence, in all my many and varied wanderings, amid the trials, dangers, and difficulties of an adventurous and unsettled life, I have ever found in this faculty, a resource which has supplied the want of home, friends and fortune. At the time these poems were written I had no idea of publishing, they were the natural offspring of a mind

thrown much upon itself, and they bear the tinges of the moody spirit of hours of sickness, solitude and weariness. They were written merely for the pleasure which their composition imparted; that they contain many and grave errors I have no doubt; but to those who love the pure and beautiful I feel they will not be untasteful; while those who have labored and suffered may, in these pages, find the impress of thoughts and feelings with which that labor and suffering has perchance made them familiar. To the poetical literature of my native Canada I am almost a stranger, for my studies have been with other tongues and people. And here I would acknowledge the many acts of kindness which I have received from those whose position gave them the opportunity of aiding and encouraging me in this work: First of all I must mention the officer who commands the regiment in which I have the honor to serve; and I shall ever retain a grateful sense of the encouragement extended to me by Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell while I was still laboring under the almost insurmountable difficulties of my position. To Color-Sergeant S. Pamenter I am also deeply obliged for preserving many of these poems from destruction; indeed, to his care in copying from the backs of old letters and the remains of tattered Guard Reports, I owe

the preservation of the entire poem of *La Sentinella*. To Mr. Hopkins, the Schoolmaster of the 100th, I would also express my thanks for many acts of kindness. And lastly to the many and generous subscribers who have so well aided me in producing this work in its present form. To my comrades and friends of the "Royal Canadians," from whom I am about to part, I present this book as a memento of the years we have spent together in harmony and goodfellowship. Of the poems themselves contained in this book I can say nothing; but if those who read them derive from their perusal one tithe of the pleasure I have enjoyed in their composition, I will feel that I have not written in vain.

C. R.

Ottawa, C. W., May 20th, 1867.

SONGS
OF A
WANDERER

LA SENTINELLA.

"I measure
The world of fancies."
—*Epipsychidion*.

If thou wilt listen I will tell a tale
Of one I dearly loved in former years,
Whose joyous heart dark sorrow did assail
And drowned the smiles of hope in bitter tears;
Yet he was one of those whose work endears
Them to the memory of after days,
Who wed to woe and sorrow, and the fears
That dwell with poverty, did proudly raise
A monument of thought too grand for human praise.

A homeless, friendless, wanderer was he,
Loving and loveless, who did consecrate
Himself to one great purpose, and to be
The thing he sought raised him above his fate.
He moved among his fellows calm and great—
The tempest that had swept across his soul
Had made him so, but left him desolate ;
So as his hope had fixed no earthly goal,
He lived unmoved by things o'er which men have
control.

But in his softer moments, when the tide
Of memory would raise emotions strong,
His gushing thoughts forth from his soul would
glide

In wild, sad numbers of unstudied song.
Such was my friend. Alas ! he has for long
Been laid with those whose sorrows are no more,
With those who have endured and conquered
wrong ;

But I, upon this page, would fain restore
To thee and to the world the thoughts of Lionore.

He lived alone amid the gay and rude,
And reckless spirits, such as gather here,
But oft upon his fancy would obtrude
A scene remembered long and cherished dear ;
His childhood's home before him would appear,
His blue-eyed sisters smiling as of old,
Familiar objects, all distinct and clear,
The treasures of remembrance sweet unrolled,
Lit by the light of love which seldom men behold.

Who but an exile long condemned to roam
Can feel the pleasure that there is in this ?—
Who but a wanderer afar from home
Can know these moments retrospective bliss ?—
When such are forfeited we deeply miss
The quiet sanctuary wherein reposed
Affections artless as the infant's kiss ;
When this retreat forever has been closed
What heart would care to crush the ills to it opposed ?

Oh ! it is sad to roam this lovely earth
With pensive thought alone for company,
To gaze on scenes of beauty, peace or mirth,
And yet with them to have no sympathy ;
To look around and find there is for thee
No home of quiet, nor a place of rest,
Save, should you die, where'er you chance to be,
Maternal earth would clasp you to her breast
In that mysterious state where purer hopes are blest.

Oh ! ye on whom kind fortune's smiles are thrown,
In sweet possession of the joys of home,
Frown not upon the outcast who, alone,
Must thro' the mazes of the wide world roam ;
For him beneath the skies encircling dome
There may not beat one heart with pulses kind,
No anxious eye that waits for him to come
With ready welcome—no congenial mind
To guide his vagrant steps so heedlessly inclined !

So roamed the great Mæonian bard of old
Whose song is writ on times extended wings,

Thro' summer's heat and winter's chill and cold ;—
Earth's better sons, and greater than her kings—
And he whose praise the angel choir sings,
Our God and Saviour was as one of those
To whom all earthly joys were useless things,
Who bore alone its sorrows and its woes,
And died that we might gain eternity's repose !

And such a one was Lionore
Whose heart with many wounds was sore ;
But he was calm, and stern, and proud,
And moved among the passing crowd
Like one who thought their scheming aims
As meaningless as schoolboy games.
His brow was high but bent by care,
Much suffering was written there,
And in his eye a fire burned,
Which none who looked upon but turned
To gaze again, as if they saw
A glance compelling fear and awe.
Yet he was gentle, modest, kind,
Like one who suffered much in mind,
Yet cared not to let others know
Or feel that he had suffered so.
Like to a lightning blasted tree,
Which towers storm defying still
With withered brow, he seemed to be
For nought might work him further ill.
But in the storm of grief which past
Across his life a deadly blast—
Such as on Afric's desert plain

Can once be known but ne'er again,
His mind had lost its proper tone,
Put altered looks on men and things,
Thenceforth he never went alone,
But lived with strange imaginings.
And earth and air, and day and night
Presented to his raptured sight
Things, common minds would never dare
To think or dream of being there.
His mind was like a broken lute
That hangs in dreary silence mute,
Until a passing zephyr's wings
Sweep o'er the long neglected strings,
Which strangest music wildly sings,
Then sinks in silence cold again
Or re-awake a wilder strain :
Till some mad tempest rushing by
Snaps the last trembling cord in twain
And bids the lingering spirit die !

Thus when at night a sentinel
He stood upon his lonely post,
Strange stories to the stars he'd tell
And speak to every passing ghost.
Thus often have I heard him sing
When he believed no living thing
Did on his lonely watch intrude
To break congenial solitude.

Come thou who art wandering over the hill
Clad in the mist thou hast borne from the plain,

Beautiful art thou and dear to me still :—

Let me not call thee, sweet spirit, in vain !

Didst hear not my voice when I stood by the shore ?

Didst hear not my song when I rode on the wave ?

Nor heed the wild anguish my soul did outpour.

When I lay in the shade haunted gloom of the cave—
I wooed thee where man never sought for a bride—

In summer's sweet calm, in the shock of the storm,
Man, time, change and fortune, all, all, I defied—

Thy absence can all that is lovely deform.

Fair were the daughters of earth in my eyes

In the passionate glow of intemperate youth,
But long have I seen through the flimsy disguise

That covers their folly, their pride and untruth.

Yet still there was one, but she ne'er could be mine,

Thou lookest like her, when the sun's in the west,
Whose love would be worthy a spirit divine,

Of women the purest, the loveliest, best.

And now thou art all that is left me to love—

For man must love something if 'tis but a shade—

Say art thou a phantom ? Has heaven above

Sent thee to comfort lost spirits dismayed ?

Or dost thou come

From where the dumb

Unhappy spirits of the dead,

Must suffer still

For deeds of ill

Committed ere from earth they fled ?

Say, for thou wanderest over the sea,

Is there a place where a being like me

Could learn everything of the past to forget,

And cease to remember, and cease to regret?
Or hast thou a boon in thy power to give
A heart that desires not even to live?
Thou hast not! and thou art as empty and vain
As other strange shadows that flit through my brain.
Thou fleest! well go—night, solitude, gloom,
Are meet for a pathway that leads to the tomb.

Come rouse up my heart, I remember a song
I sang in my youth when my passions were strong,
To a beautiful maid, but she lieth at rest,
And the gloom of the charnel encircles her breast;
And the poisonous toad on her forehead of snow
Triumphs amid dissolution and woe.
Ah, proud as thou art, oh! beautiful maid,
What wilt thou look like when silently laid
In the grave, where the worm its vigil will keep,
And thou like my love with reptiles will sleep?
But now for the song, I will sing it again,—
The wind, like the maiden, may hear it in vain—
For now I can laugh in the teeth of despair,
I have not a hope to give birth to a care.

I.

O! lady look from out thy bower
O'er all this smiling land,
Where thousands own a noble's power
And answer his command.
A hundred steeds are in his stalls;
His ships are on the sea,
While wealth adorns his lordly halls—
A mighty man is he.

II.

Now send thy thought like yonder bird
Far o'er the distant wave,
Where'er the songs of love are heard
Among the good and brave;
O'er all the world thy thought may roam
Where men are true and free,
The battle field, the quiet home,
A welcome have for me.

III.

The noble may have wealth and pride
A high and titled name,
But what is all he has beside
A poet's living fame ?
His might is bounded by those hills,
Mine like the ocean rolls,
A thousand hands work when he wills,
I sway ten thousand souls.

IV.

A faithful heart in him may live
And all its love be thine,
But Oh, the poet's heart can give
A passion more divine.
His love will fade away with years
And die with death at last,
But mine will bloom thro' smiles and tears
When centuries have past.

Thus were my boyish passions shown
When feeling sat on reason's throne,
But things are changed and so am I,
For she is dead—I wish to die.

* * * * *

Oh earth, thou yieldest many treasures,
Many joys and many pleasures,
But thou nothing canst bestow
Equal to the mad'ning glow
Of love within a youthful breast—
Glad, unhappy, hopeless, blest,
Is the spirit fearing, daring,
Now enraptured, now despairing.
What trifles to the soul are dear,
How short the days to love appear.
How weary do the hours stay
When from the one beloved away.
How fearful looks the speaking eye,
Still seeking—dreading a reply.
And voices strange, and sweet, and low,
Deep in the heart are whispering,
And what they say we scarcely know—
No poet could their murmurs sing.
Then Oh ! the wild entrancing bliss
Felt in the first confessing kiss.
Long years of joys we may attain,
But never know that joy again.
And yet, oh earth ! 'tis not to thee
Delightful throbs like these belong,
Thou dark abode of misery,

Deceit, oppression, grief and wrong.
The primal curse is on thee still,
Thy sweetest joys bring wildest ill.

Hush! do the mouldy dead arise?

What are those passing forms I see?
How redly glare their hollow eyes?

Why do they grin and point at me?

Ah! I have seen those looks before

In beauty, greatness, pleasure, pride,
You found the masquerade was o'er,

Poor ghosts, upon the day you died.
But go your way—I'll mock ye not.

I may ere long be such as ye,
And that before the sun has got
Above the oriental sea.

Adown they go

In shadows low

Among the churchyard glooms,

Where gleaming white

In dim moonlight

I see the marble tombs.

Ah! who can tell

The secrets fell

Of yonder cypress shade,

When tolls the bell

A passing knell

The spirit is dismayed.

In awe we shrink

And will not think

Because we are afraid!

One by one, as years went by,
I've seen the best beloved die,
Until one day the sunlight shone
Upon a man who lived alone.
I'd heard before of such a man
In some wild song, and thus it ran :

I.

He who vainly seeks for pleasure,
Weary of the changeless scene,
Broods, as o'er a hidden treasure,
On the joys that once have been.
See him in the noisy city
Where the slaves of Mammon groan ;
See him smile in scorn or pity,
Wandering thro' life alone !

II.

See him on the day of battle,
In the flame enveloped van,
Where the deadly engines rattle
Fourth the cruelty of man.
See him tread the field all gory,
Round him see his victims moan ;
See him win the wreath of glory—
But he still is all alone.

III.

See him mid the gay and festive,
In the light and joyous crowd,
Careworn is his brow and restive
Is his glance so cold and proud.
See him leave with footsteps weary
Fairy forms and music's tone,
Sad his spirit is and dreary,
And his heart is all alone !

IV.

His worn spirit, ever sighing
For the latest change beneath,
Calmly looks beyond when dying,
Seeking something new in death.
Laid at last in peaceful slumber,
Pain, and grief, and sorrow flown,
One among the countless number
Passed thro' life and died alone !

Now sinks the moon behind the western hills,
And the cold wind come sweeping o'er the brine,
While from the distant convent softly thrills
Upon the night the weary midnight chime.

Oh, lonely hour ! to a lonely heart
No solitude on earth is equal thine,

When every stroke becomes a knell to part
Fond love and hope, oh, weary midnight chime !

To the glad revellers whose joyous souls
Chase the dim hours, 'tis a happy time,
But when to one like me it slowly tolls,
An awful spell is in the midnight chime.

The mother watching by the dying bed
Of her loved son, down stricken in his prime,
Oh ! what a sound of terror wild and dread
To her sad bosom is the midnight chime.

Voice of eternity, as now you tell
The end of my lone watch, there'll come a time
When thou wilt call another sentinel
To be my last relief, oh, midnight chime !

I sit alone to-night in solitude,
Darkness and silence, yet a multitude
Of dim and unembodied things
Hover round with noiseless wings.
They come and go
While, to and fro,
I hear the sentry pacing,
And thro' my brain
The antic train
Of fantasy is racing.
Those goblin forms that float around
Are things that once had being,
But now they share the common ground

Where you and I are fleeing.
See yonder phantom grace that sits
With downcast eyes—hands folded—
But round whose brow a halo flits
Of loveliness half moulded.

It was not so,
Long, long ago,
That I beheld her grieving,
But well I ween
Such things have been
As shrouds of our own weaving!
See that pensive shade that lingers
With eyes so sadly pleading,
Tracing with her phantom fingers
Secrets for my reading.
Is she not fair, most strangely fair?—
I do believe when souls are pure
The outward form doth truly bear
Those certain signs that well assure
The heart that in this mortal guise
A spirit dwells fit for the skies!

That fairhair'd boy who rushes past,
With those wild eyes and glances,
Hath found the thing he sought at last.—
Hush! what is this advances?
Depart, depart! Oh, thing accurst!
From me this lonely hour;
I have withstood thee at thy worst
And still defy thy pow'r.
There was a time when thou couldst fright

My soul at thy desire,
But I have learned how evil spurned
Can vanquish phantom ire !

But here is one—Oh, never more !
Can earth that lovely dream restore—
Oh ! why wert thou so dear sweet child ?
Or why was I so well beguiled
For those long years ? But yet methinks,
My soul at that pure fountain drinks
Fresh draughts of hope that yet may save
Something to bear beyond the grave !

Down thro' the valley of night
Swiftly those shadows are flying,
While broken and dim on my sight
As things that are seen by the dying,
They pass unto the void abyss.—
Upon my brow I feel the kiss,
So cold and damp, of the night that dies,
While palely in the eastern skies
The morning star is beaming.
Like hope that gladly rises o'er
The sullen, sad, and soundless shore
Whereon I have been dreaming !

Ha ! who is this that draweth near ?
Whose hurried step seems winged by fear ;
He looks behind as one who knows
The near approach of deadly foes.
Ah ! now they come upon the hill—

Gigantic shapes of nameless ill—
I see their forms against the sky,
Now lost in gloom, but drawing nigh,
As swiftly down the hill they come
With mighty strides and breezy hum.
Still flies the fugitive, bedight
In gleaming armour, thro' the night;
He nears the tower by the shore,
Where hungry billows ever roar;
I see the sentry on the wall
Walk to and fro, yet does not call
Nor challenge him I see approach
Where none at night may dare encroach;
I hear him hail the sentinel,
I see him ring the tower bell,—
But deaf to shout, and bell, and blow,
The sentry saunters to and fro.
Now with the sound of rushing wind
The shadows that I saw behind
Sweep by me dim, and wild, and fleet,
And with a sound of many feet,
And words that give my heart a chill
Repeated in strange tongues "kill!" "kill!"
Alone—pursued, no aid at hand,
The fugitive has sought the strand.
He stands upon a jutting rock
Above the cold and silent sea,
He turns awhile his foes to mock
Then rushes to eternity.
One wild long shriek springs to the sky
While far the chasing spectres fly

Into the gloom, and night again
Resumes her interrupted reign.

* * * * *

Oh ! it is lonely, lonely,
Oh ! this weary post is lonely,
 And my fitful fancy raves.
With the midnight wind now grumbling
Thro' those halls to ruin crumbling,
While my weary feet are stumbling
 Over graves.

I am thinking, ever thinking,
And my weary soul is sinking
 Further down, until despair
With iron arms will seize it,
With embraces icy freeze it,
Perhaps then death will ease it
 Of its care.

Ha ! the cloak of night is riven,
See, the clouds apart are driven !—
 What a host of forms are there.
I see them now descending,
Coming swiftly, flitting, blending,
Through the cone of night extending
 Wild and fair.

Misty robes around them flowing,
Sweep the hills where they are going
 Silently upon their way ;

Stars are twinkling and gleaming
Thro' their tresses wildly streaming,
And their eyes with love are beaming—
Stay ! Oh, Stay !

Stay and hear me ! Stay and hear me !
Forms of beauty now so near me—
Lovely beings of the sky.
Take from my soul this sadness,
Let me share your looks of gladness—
'Twill be either death or madness
To deny.

Oh, tell a weary mortal
If, beyond that golden portal,
Which is open for your flight,
There's reward for virtue slighted,
Is their peace for bosoms blighted ?
For wandering souls benighted
Is there light ?

The night returns—oh, hateful night,
To rob me of so fair a sight. * * * *
Among those forms that passed me o'er
Was one methinks I saw before.
Years, years, long weary years ago
I saw her moving in the glow
Of youth, with fortune, friends, and fame.
Sweet Rose, they told me, was her name.
To her I made an offering
Of song, such as a boy would sing.

Oh, why ! Oh, why ! when joy departs
Does memory live to sear our hearts.
But for the sake of that far time
I'll sing again my boyish rhyme.

I.

"I saw thee mid' the great and fair,
Of all the lovely loveliest,
And none who looked upon thee there
But felt within thy presence blest.
And I could only stand afar
And in thy smiles my heart repose,
Or murmur, as unto a star,
The love I bore for thee, Sweet Rose.

II.

And oft methought, what can I do
To win a smile from those dear eyes,
Of all who won I thought how few
Were worthy of so bright a prize ;
But I would do some glorious deed
That would my depth of love disclose,
Then thou wouldst in the effort read
The love I bore for thee, Sweet Rose.

III.

And still within my heart I hold
The memory of that sweet hour,
As tender hands thro' winter's cold
Protect the summer's fragile flow'r.

It tells of golden moments gone,
And promise in the future shows,
So will I ever think upon
The love I bore for thee, Sweet Rose.

* * * * *

Art thou a spirit beckoning me away
Through the deep cloud-rifts of tempestuous night?
Thy brow is pale as that of moonlight fay
When bound with dewy gems and star-beams
white ;
Thy voice is solemn, yet it is not sad
But far more pleasing than if it were glad.
And dost thou dwell within that ruined tower
Whose phantom dances in the wave below ?
Where the pale glances of sweet Dian throw
A love-lit halo on thy ivied bower.
While all surrounding things black gloom doth
overpower.

Around thy old heart cling, with veiled eyes,
The slumbering spirit of the hours dead
While, as thy voice proclaim their knell, arise
Others in beauty like their sisters fled.
I come ! dark spirit, with the ivy crown
Beneath the shadows of thy awful frown
And wilt thou woo me from sad hearted care,
And life to my idealisms give ?
Until the torturing spirit that doth live
In shadowy glooms with phantoms of despair,
Will fly the presence of a bliss they cannot share.

Away! away! let me forget the thrall
Of wearisome existence. I behold
Thron'd on the summit of a mountain tall,
Beaming with sapphire, amethyst and gold,
And robed in garments whose resplendent dye
The glory of the sunset clouds outvie,
A form well known to infant dreams before
The misery of living did abate
The warm remembrance of a former state—
Perhaps on some far planetary shore
Which rolls in bright perfection onward evermore.

Yon ray that bursts between the riven clouds
Like sweetest visions of remembrance,
When long accumulating time enshrouds
Most cherished objects from the loving glance ;
Becomes a magic mirror, wherein glide
Shades of the mighty who have lived and died,
And who have cast by works of subtle thought
The intellectual glory of their prime
Upon the gloom of unrecorded time.
Great souls who in successive ages wrought
A home for liberty and wisdom, fearing nought.

And thou sweet spirit who didst wander here
From thy bright home beyond the morning star,
Too pure for earth's unhallowed atmosphere
And too ethereal for its sinful war,
I see thee in the region where thou art
Wrapt in the fair excellence of thy heart,
Beaming among the virtuous and wise.

To thee how beautiful and cold this earth
Which bore thee heedless of so great a birth—

Turn not away thy lightning lighted eyes
For therein I behold vast worlds of love arise.

For thou wert love itself personified,

Its spirit was the life that filled thy soul,
Pure, mild, and strong, it tyranny defied,

And spurned the bonds which narrow minds
control.

Thy life was one long struggle for the right
Against rapacious, hoary, blood-stained might,

And injury and woe was thine to bear
Till death restored thee to thy place among
Those spheres whose beauty thou'st so sweetly sung,

But now thou sittest throned in sunlight there
And round thy brow is twined the wreaths immor-
tals wear.

* * * * *

When beside the sea I wander

And with fitful fancy ponder,

Pacing too and fro,

Often with the spray clouds blending

I beholds fair forms ascending,

Bright in beauty's glow ;

But one there is to whom I'll sing

Mayhap it will her presence bring.

I.

There is a spirit comes to me
Each day at evening time,
When shadows gather on the sea
And sounds the vesper chime.
And sweetly on my troubled mind
It pours a soothing balm,
Then flies my sorrow and I find
My soul is glad and calm.

II.

Then good and happy thoughts arise
As sinks my load of care,
And I behold the loving eyes
Of spirits pure and fair ;
Such as in former days I knew
And in a dearer land,
Ere sorrow o'er my spirit threw
The shadow of its hand.

III.

And oft I hear the whispering
Of voices in my ear,
And often do I hear them sing
A song none else may hear.
Still gentle spirit come to me
Each day at evening time,
When shadows gather on the sea
And sounds the vesper chime.

I first beheld her years ago
When by the sea, o'ercome with woe,
I flung me down to weep such tears
As seldom on this cheek appears.

And there by the sea
She came unto me,
A spirit with rainbow wings,
On a billow she rode
As it inward flowed
From the ocean of wonderful things.

The light of her glance
Did my spirit entrance
As I gazed in the depths of her eyes,
Where I saw the sweet gleam,
Like a child in a dream,
Of the glories of Paradise.

In her presence the waves
Lay stilled in their caves
Where they murmured so loudly before,
And she bared her white breast
To the breeze of the west
As she rose on its breath to the shore.

"What art thou!" I cried,
When she stood by my side,
"Some beautiful demon thou art,
Who knowing the woe
Of my spirit would throw
A blacker despair in my heart."

With wearisome sighs
She bent her blue eyes
And crossed her pale hands on her breast,
"At a higher command
I have come from the land
Where the souls of the weary find rest.

"And when thou art torn
By sorrow and mourn
Oh! come to the shore of the sea,
And I will be there
To banish despair
And give new delight unto thee."

Since that promise was made
Thro' sunshine and shade
I have past, but I never despair,
For I seek the dark shore
Where the wild billows roar
And ever the spirit is there.

Once in my youth to ladies fair
I sang of love and chivalry,
And joyed to see her bright eyes there
Smile on my song approvingly.
And when they asked me where I learned
The strange wild songs that made them weep.
While tears upon my eyelids burned
I told them thus with passion deep :

This harp was all my father gave
To me before he found a grave

Upon a stranger's land.
"My boy," he said, "the harp you hold
Was struck by many minstrels old,
And many heroes brave and bold
With an unfaltering hand.

Your sires, the chieftains of Idrone,
Familiar were with every tone
Of wassail, love, and fray.
Some of its strings are wrought with gold,
And some of silver's purest mould,
And some of iron, hard and cold,
And some are torn away.

If virtue high you wish to sing
Then fearless strike the golden string,
By that it oft was stirred ;
And if with love your bosom swell
The silver chord will answer well,
And strains of deeper fervour tell
Than ever maiden heard.

But if of freedom's fight your song
Then strike the iron loud and strong,
Thus oft 'twas heard before.
The broken strings, once fair and bright,
Are like to them who fell in fight
When battling for a country's right,
Their blood could not restore."

The winds are singing loud
In joyous liberty,

And gloomy is the cloud
That darkens o'er the sea ;
The moon has hid her face
Behind a jealous veil,
That gathering apace
Comes onward with the gale.

High throned upon a cliff
Which hangs above the deep,
With shades of night around
My lonely watch I keep.
The shrieking seabirds soar
Swift by me on the blast,
And louder comes the roar
Of billows breaking fast.

But colder than the wind
That sweeps across the sea,
And darker than the cloud
That now o'er shadows me ;
And wilder than the cliff,
And deeper than the wave,
More lone than the sea bird,
And sad as the grave—

Is the heart when betrayed
Where its love was most sure,
Where its worship was paid,
And its love was most pure.

Its faith and hope are gone,
 Alas! for ever fled—
 It still lives darkly on
 But the pulse of love is dead.

* * * * *

My post is by the timeworn walls
 Which hide the gray and ancient halls,
 Where dwell secure from worldly strife
 Fair virgins vowed to God for life :
 Now is their evening chaunt beginning—
 Listen to the hymn they're singing.

I

Hail Mary ! Virgin Queen,
 On thy aid we're calling ;
 While through life's gloomy scene,
 Weary tears are falling.
 Harken unto our pray'r,
 Virgin most pure and fair,
 While flying from despair,
 Joyfully we all sing !

II.

Oh ! for us intercede,
 For thou hast the power ;
 Now in the day of need,
 In death's dreadful hour.

Harken unto our prayer,
Virgin most pure and fair,
While flying from despair,
Joyfully we all sing !

III.

Chosen of Heaven's King,
Unto thee we're flying ;
Hear ! while we humbly sing,
Still on thee relying.

Harken unto our pray'r,
Virgin most pure and fair,
While flying from despair,
Joyfully we all sing !

The holy hymn has died away
Upon the summer air,
And they with peace within may stay,
And I without with care.
A man of war it is my doom
To march thro' blood and woe,
For me no tender feelings bloom
On this wide world below.

But once I even had a friend,
Death only did our friendship end ;
Kind was he, and true, and brave,
To-night I'll watch beside his grave.

I.

Come hither—hither O ye dreamy shades,
Who gathered round the couch of my lost friend,
And mourn with me, till night in morning fades,
For ye did see his panting spirit end.
That long imprisonment, which oft degrades
The coarser essence, but in him did blend
The Hero's courage, and the Christian's truth,
Fearless to foes, or pitiful as Ruth.

II.

The night wind whispers now, they come ! they
come !
In all their terror and their beauty clad,
Gaunt frowning shadows : round the brows of some
Are withered wreaths that once were green and
glad.
Alluring hopes whose rosy lips are dumb,
And weary griefs, with downcast looks and sad,
And kindly thoughts that raised a pensive sigh,
For one who lived so well, compelled to die.

III.

They gather round me o'er this nameless grave,
Their drooping tresses veiling their sad eyes,
And floating far and far above me wave,
Their airy pinions in the starry skies.

O, my lost Ivon ! if I could but save
From out the wreck of thee and them a prize,
That in the future of my own sad lot,
I might like thee be loved, like thee forgot.

IV.

No ! not forgotten ! on the scroll of fame
Is written what thy fearless arm hath done,
But writ in blood ;—alas, the soldier's name
Surviveth not the glory that he won !
His lot is to endure, and toil and shame,
He bears uncomplaining till all is done ;
Then others reap the fruit of all his pain,
Ah ! well—his blood was not shed all in vain.

V.

Last of an humble, but heroic line,
Heirs to the service of their native land,
Who did upon the battle field resign
Their lives, defending her with heart and hand.
The Star of Empire did upon them shine,
Ascending ever at their bold command ;
But as they perished after each arose
A son in vengeance on his father's foes.

VI.

A youth stood by his veteran sire's side,
Who told the tale of battle, siege and fray,

And whose dark cheek, would flush with conscious
pride

As he recounted every glorious day ;
How oft by rapid stream and mountain side,
He did the hope of despotism slay,
Among the hills of fair unhappy Spain,
Till Right and Justice were restored again.

VII.

The boy accepts the heritage and goes,
E'en as his fathers went for long before,
His home and friends like toys away he throws,
And treads a hero on a distant shore ;
And on the land where sullen Sutlej flows
He fights and conquers, at Mahrajapore
Triumphantly upholds his country's cause,
And by his daring his dark foemen awes.

VIII.

And smiles he brought to many tearful eyes,
And peace to many homes by war opprest,
And from the tyrant tore the mean disguise,
And with glad Liberty the bondsman blest.
And wheresoe'er his country's flag did rise,
There did he urge the glorious contest,
And foremost ever thro' war's mad career,
He passed and perished unremembered here.

IX.

When Russia's despot sent his millions forth,
His mean, hereditary, voiceless slaves,
Like icy torrents loosened in the north
That bear destruction on their seething waves,
They onward came—but serfs are little worth
Opposed by freemen, and they sank in graves
Which he, and such as he, did make beside
The Alma's ever memorable tide.

X.

Again at Inkermann he hurled them back,
And stood triumphant on the awful field,
When night o'er carnage hung a shadow black,
And headlong ranks in conflict wildly reeled,
Mid scenes of horror that the soul would rack
With thoughts of anguish, he did firmly wield
The sword of Justice, nor did sheath the blade
Until the tyrant shrank aback dismayed.

XI.

And many voices told the soldier's praise,
He was most noble, valorous, and great,
When danger threatened interested ways,
But when, superior to toil and fate
He rose and made secure their troubled days,
Conveniently they could forget his state,
Or mock his dangers and his deadly pain,
As if such things could not recur again.

XII.

But O, my comrade ! in that happy sphere,
Where happily thy spirit doth repose,
I would not send the sound of ought that here
Did crush thy soul with undeserved woes.
Sleep, sleep, in peace, companion still most dear !
But long as life within this bosom glows
Remembered thou shalt be. When that shall fade,
O ! let me meet in death thy gentle shade !

XIII.

Slow breaks the morning o'er the cold blue sea,
But thou wilt wake not with returning day ;
And vainly does my spirit call on thee,
For thou art gone from weary life away.
Ivon ! as thou art now, I fain would be,
For earth has got no tie to bid me stay,
O ! why may I not follow thee my friend ?
I'm sick of life and would it had an end.

XIV.

And like to yonder solitary star,
That fades into the day's approaching light,
I would that I could perish—fading far
From earth and sorrow and attendant night ;
It cannot be ; a galling chain doth bar
Me from ascending in so glad a flight,

Adieu, my friend ! ere long I will return
To rest beside thee—not to vainly mourn.

* * * * *

The sun has set behind the hill,
The evening wind is growing chill,
And I, to pass away the time,
Will sing a half forgotten rhyme.

I.

The battle was all over,
And murky clouds of night
Come quickly up to cover
The gore encrimsoned height
Of Inkermann, where thousands lay
In death's unwaking sleep,
And dogs that tore their reeking prey
Howled o'er the dismal steep.

II.

When Raymond, sorely wounded,
Laid down his throbbing head
To die, while night winds sounded
Their dirge above the dead.
He felt his life go from him
With every feeble breath,
His heart grow cold, his eye grow dim
Beneath the hand of Death.

III.

Oh ! bear, ye winds, before I part
This fleeting life, he cried,
The latest sigh that leaves my heart
To my forsaken bride.
Oh ! tell her as ye pass along
By Shannon's gentle wave,
That Raymond perished in the throng
Of battle with the brave.

IV.

And tell her when, with foes around,
In ranks of slaughter prest,
Hoof-trodden on the gory ground,
Her memory he blest.
And oft beside the watch-light gleam,
When night dews o'er him wept,
He clasped her fondly in his dream,
And on her bosom slept.

V.

And tell her the last pray'r he sighed
To God's eternal throne,
Was for his long forsaken bride
In Erin left alone.
Oh ! now have mercy on me God !
With feeble voice he cried,
As, falling back upon the sod,
The wounded Soldier died.

When last I stood upon this post
In retrospective fancies lost,
A vision on my spirit beamed
And I was happy while I dreamed.

Dreary was the night and lonely,
While the struggling moonbeams only
Dimly broke the heavy gloom,
Murky as a cavern tomb,
Where the noxious fungii bloom :
And the night wind whispered sadly
Coming from the shore where madly
Billows broke with hollow boom ;
As I paced a lonely sentry,
Watchful, though my thoughts intently
Wandered with unwearied wing
Through the green and hilly wildwood,
Where I spent my happy childhood,
Where the voice of nature wild would
In the groves of maple sing.
Telling the forgotten story
Of departed might and glory ;
While commingling shadows bring
Many a shade of Huron gory
Who had trod that path before me
Where the rocks and oaks as hoary
Bend above the virgin spring.
And methought the moon was beaming—
Soothingly and softly beaming—
On me, sad and pensive dreaming,
Of the loving, young, and fair,

Who my ardent thoughts did share
The last sweet time that I was there.
When my Minnie like a blossom
Hung her head upon my bosom
In the shade of that old mountain,
Close beside the sparkling fountain ;
Ere I left her side to wander,
And my best affections squander,
Seeking peace and finding sorrow !
Oh ! those years so long and weary,
Passing by so slow and dreary !
When will dawn the happy morrow
When I may lie down to sleep,
Never more to wake and weep,
Or my lonely watch to keep ?
But the waters still were springing,
And the whip-poor-will was singing—
Singing sadly to its mate—
When methought from out the lofty
Trees, the shade of Minnie softly
Came and close beside me sate.
She was robed in holy grace
And her sweet angelic face
Had lost every earthly trace ;
And her eyes so melancholy
Beamed with a light more holy,
Sweetly did her smile console me
As I felt but cannot tell.
Long I gazed with throbbing heart,
Fearful that she would depart
And dissolve the happy spell ;

When, upon my senses stealing,
Came an echo softly pealing,
From another sentinel,
Waking me to life and feeling
With the watchword « All is well. »

* * * * *

Welcome, O Night ! in thy shadows and glooms
I may cast off the mask I have worn thro' the day,
And far thro' the mist where the dark mountain
looms
With footsteps unnoted with thought I can stray,

Could it be that the spirit which lives in my breast
Ever panting for beauty, and flowing with song,
Was given to curse with a ceaseless unrest
The heart which has cherished it fondly and
long ?

Oh ! would that I might, as I lose in this gloom
Every trace of the misery seen in the day,
Forget all the world and the past in the tomb,
Which seems but a passage from sorrow away.

Perhaps this dust which I heedlessly tread
Was a heart bowed with sorrow akin to my own,
Or dimpled in smiles for which lovers have bled,
Or proud in the eye of a hero has shone.

They are gone, and to-morrow will rise and depart,
And I, too, will perish and pass from the scene,

And others will tread on this quivering heart,
And know not, or reck not what it might have been !

From those who survive I would ask not a sigh,
Nor a tear which the eye of affection might shed,
As I'm lost in the gloom of this night I would die
As I lived, unbeloved and forgotten when dead !

* * * * *

But yesterday I saw a ragged wight
Looking so happy and so free from care,
He sunned himself with such a huge delight,
And laughed so loud he made the people stare.
I envied the poor wretch his frolic glee,
And watch'd him long to note a hidden pain,
But not a lurking trouble could I see,
Misery in him seemed cast in vain.
I wondered at the fellow laughing out
At his own vagrant fancies loud and long,
I asked him why he was so glad, a shout
He gave, and answered me with this wild song :

Oh ! I am glad because I have
No wife, no friends, no home,
The winds than me are not more free,
Where'er I wish to roam.
My home is on the wide, wide world,
Where'er I chance to be,
When the sun goes down, o'er waste or town,
'Tis all the same to me.

I roll me in my ragged cloak
Upon my mother earth,
And kind I ween that mother's been
Who cradled me since birth.
I would not teach my thoughts to cling
Round any single place,
Nor my heart twine a secret shrine
For fairest maiden's face ;

For the brightest scene will alter,
The fairest face grow old,
But nature true, is ever new,
The more we her behold !
I have no friend, nor care for one
While winds and waves are free,
And eyes of love, in skies above,
Look smilingly on me.

I love the jolly rolling world,
And smile at every thing,
I have no wealth but life and health,
And so I laugh and sing !
When Aurora parts the misty veil
That curtains her golden bed,
And lifts her charms from Tithon's arms,
And her locks o'er the waters spread :

I greet her with a joyful song,
And haste o'er dewy hills,
Where skylarks wing their flight and sing,
Till heaven with melody thrills.

At noonday glare I lie me down
In a grove where the streamlets glide,
And my sleep teems with glorious dreams,
No mortal dreamed beside.

Lord of that land of dreams am I
Where no vile form intrudes,—
Spirits of air and light are there
In countless multitudes !
Aërial strains of melody,
They sing my couch around,
In my soul they pour the hidden lore
Of mysteries profound.

When the evening breeze is whispering
Like sighs of a lovelorn maid,
And the weary car of Phœbus far
Has sunk in western shade ;
By the pensive light of Hesperus
I wait the rising moon,
And winds of night, in gusty flight,
Chaunt an unearthly tune.

Ghosts of the past arise around,
Wild are the tales they tell,
Some darkly glare, and some are fair,
Beautiful, terrible !

* * * * *

Thro' the far vista of departed years,
A blotted record written down in tears,
I gaze, and many gentle forms arise,

And pass before me with averted eyes,
And oft among them lingers one most fair,
Sweet child of beauty with the golden hair.

I strive to speak,
My lips are dumb,
My soul is weak,
My heart is numb.

Arise my soul ! O what debars
Thy flight with her unto the stars ?
They are so calm, so bright, so still,
They cannot be abodes of ill.
Is there no spell in human lore,
That can a dream of love restore ?

Is sadness
The madness
That clings to my brain ?
Am I dreaming
Or seeming
Or living in vain ?
I hear not,
I fear not
What others may dread,
For lonely,
I only
May speak with the dead.

Down the streets where life is loud,
Thro' the ever shifting crowd,
Grinning,
Spinning,
Sinning ;

Rushing,
Crushing,
Pushing,
Like a hoard of devils
Loose upon their revels.
Men I see and women toiling,
Mind, and soul, and body soiling.
How speedy
And greedy
They seek for their prey,
O, God ! how the needy
Must weep by the way.
But let them go, I will not look
Upon the page of such a book.

Go, go, to hovels low,
Where hopeless sorrow pines,
See, see, the misery
That all around you whines.
Fear, fear the Judgment near,
Luxury, silk and gold ;
Now, now, upon thy brow
Lieth a finger cold.
Vain, vain, hunger and pain
Lieth down by your door ;
Drive, drive, the thing's alive,
What right has it to be poor ?
Time, time, on its march sublime,
Stealeth away your breath ;
Down, down, where spectres frown,
Deep in the vale of death.

There, there, shall pride despair,
Knowing its days are told ;
Try, try, if you can buy
Your terrible Judge with gold !

* * * * *

Lonely I sat in a grove,
Bright flowers were blooming around me,
Odors like breathings of love,
And dreamy thoughts pensively bound me.
Fair forms were passing me near,
In youth, hope, and loveliness, smiling,
Hearts living, and loving, and dear,
My sorrowful fancy beguiling.
Music, the voice of the soul,
Down the long valley was stealing ;
Sounds that did echo and roll,
Then whisper with exquisite feeling ;
Lovers were breathing their vows,
Hearts loving and loved overflowing,
Hope shed a light on their brows
The gifts of the future bestowing ;
But I was alone—alone,
A friendless, unfortunate stranger,
Wandering, silent, unknown,
In pathways of sorrow and danger.
Voices still whispering low,
In musical murmurs came nearer,
Making the thought of my woe
Heavier, darker, and drearer.
Down went the sun in the sea,

While longer the shadows were growing,
A spirit of peace unto me
Was far in the orient glowing.
Weeping, I thought of the day,
Ere my spirit was thus o'erladen,
Over the ocean away
In the home of a blue-eyed maiden ;
I knew she was then at rest
Where I might behold her, oh, never !
Dead—oh ! if dead it were best
Than living and loving to sever ;
I thought of the time when I,
Weary and broken-hearted,
Bade her a last good-bye
The sorrowful day we parted.
I lingered long with restless feet
Near where we were wont to meet ;
As passion ever in me sprung
’Twas thus our last farewell I sung :

Oh ! turn those dear eyes, ere forever we part,
That the memory long may remain in my heart,
And fondly I'll ponder
On it while I wander,
My Mary dear, good-bye !

Oh ! let not those tears, in this moment of woe,
For one so unworthy thy love, overflow ;
Forgive and forget me
And cease to regret me,
My Mary dear, good-bye !

Hard is the fate that compels me to roam
So far from thy side, and so far from my home,
But sorrow shall never,
Our fond hearts dis sever,
My Mary dear, good-bye !

Oh ! come to my breast for it yet is thy place,
Remember that this is our parting embrace ;
In joy or in pain love,
We'll meet ne'er again love,
My Mary dear, good-bye.

Cold is thy hand and thy cheek is as pale
As the lily that boweth its head to the gale,
But oh ! let to-morrow
Not rise on thy sorrow,
My Mary dear, good-bye.

But should you remember the wanderer lone
Be it as a dream of a thing that has gone,
Nor let thy bright spirit
Its sadness inherit,
My Mary dear, good-bye.

But if there should be, as our teachers have said,
A land where affection revives in the dead,
O ! there I will meet thee,
And gladly will greet thee,
And never say good-bye.

* * * * *

A weary sentinel

I stood alone by the sea
Listening to tales the waters tell,
Which seemed, as ever they rose and fell,
Like human hearts to painfully swell

With the weight of their misery.
O Sea ! I cried, how cruel thou art,
For thou hast devoured a mighty part
Of the living and laboring human heart ;
And then the sea laughed loud with glee,
As it sank away from the shore,
When it backward came, it laughed the same,

For high on its crest it bore

A form floating dark,
And silent, and stark,
And cast it my feet before.

Thro' wreaths of mist

A light was shed,
And moonbeams kist

The brow of the dead.

'Twas a beautiful maid
That before me was laid,

So wan and so wildly fair,

Like one who when led
To the bridal bed

Was killed by a mad despair.

The oozy weeds with her tangled hair
Floated around her shoulders bare ;
And phosphorescent lamps did gleam
Around her head with ghastly beam ;
A costly robe did her bosom enfold

Gleaming with jewels, and gems, and gold,
Like the votive shrine of a relic old.

I took her hand, it was icy cold,

And sought to lift her from the sea ;

But the waves with angry voice uprolled

And swept the maiden far from me.

And methought the waters of the sea

Said with a hollow and threatening tone,

As she passed thro' night and mystery,

" The dead of the Sea are its own ! "

* * * * *

To the red field the soldier sped

Who sang the songs I tell ;

He there remains among the dead,

And this was how he fell :

Oh ! hallowed be the hero's dust

Till God shall come to judge the just.

'Tis the dead hour of night and calmly the sky

Looks down on the mount and the ocean ;

But there's one weary form that bends with a sigh

O'er the waters in troubled emotion.

And he gazes afar on a flickering light

That shines on the dark rolling billow,

But his spirit has flown, thro' the realms of night,

To watch by his Mary's pillow.

And he thinks that he gazes upon her at rest,

Whom once he deemed his, and his only ;

That he sees the white shroud and the cross on her
breast,
And his soul is unhappy and lonely.

Then he thinks that he hears from the murmuring
deep,
A voice in sweet melody saying :
" Oh ! where art thou gone, while lonely I weep ?
Too long—oh ! too long thou art staying." .

He stretched forth his arms as the vision arose,
She seemed to be pensively weeping ;
When he heard the loud noises of gathering foes—
The sentinel soldier was sleeping.

He awoke and beheld, in front of his post,
The warrior legions advancing ;
And, over the head of the dark moving host,
The bayonets in starlight were glancing.

Then loudly his voice broke the stillness of night—
A watchcry of danger and warning,
Then flashed the rifle luridly bright,
With a voice of defiance and scorning.

Then a thousand wild echoes rang out on the air,
Like an avalanche wildly descending,
But nobly and grandly he perishes there,
The post of his honor defending.

Now he rises himself, as the shadows of death
O'er his senses are gradually stealing,
And whispers away his last difficult breath,
While a voice on his spirit is pealing :

“Oh ! where art thou gone while lonely I weep ?
Too long, oh ! too long thou art staying ! ”
And the warrior sentinel wakes from his sleep
In a land where there is no betraying.

THE FALL OF QUEBEC.

I.

“ My native land ! if thy unworthy child,
Amid thy mountains and thy forests wide,
Doth lift his voice, upon the happy wild,
To feebly sing the legends of thy pride ;
Oh listen ! for with thy young name allied
Is all of beautiful, grand, great and brave :—
Here mighty heroes conquered, lived, and died ;
For thee the haughty Huron found a grave,
And torrents rolled along with gore encrimsoned
wave.

II.

Thou hast no long array of stately kings,
No glowing harp of ancient minstrelsy,
But dark oblivion o'er thy hist'ry flings
The gloom and silence of antiquity ;
But thou art young and great in liberty,
No tyrant foot has ever trod thy dales ;—

Then will I proudly dedicate to thee
My lowly lay. The infant muse avails
The gift of Heav'n to sing thy proud, heroic tales.

III.

Then will I make beneath thy maple bowers, (1)
A rustic lute, and tune it to thy name,
And wreath each glowing chord around with
flowers,
Thy minstrel's emblem of thy happy fame ;
As warrior bard of old, with fond acclaim,
Sang to his ladye the sweet song of praise,
With voice as fervent I will do the same.
To thee, my mistress, I address my lays,
For thou art beautiful in all thy wildest ways.

IV.

Oft have I trod thy mountains and thy woods,
Communing with the spirits of the past,
And strayed along thy wildly rapid floods,
Where leaping torrents in fierce rage were cast.
And, as the cataract rushed downward fast,
I looked into the deep abyss and thought ;
While daringly my spirit thro' the vast
And voiceless void, strange secrets madly
sought,
For I did thirst to know what time hath never
taught.

V.

And by the strand of broad Ontario,
Upon the cliff where Lela loved to stray,
I sit and listen to the water's flow
In pensive dreaming of a by gone day—
A happy time—but gone, alas ! for aye.
But still the scene of former joy awakes
Deep feelings, till my soul is borne away
On golden wings, o'er mountains, woods, and
lakes,
Till on my raptured gaze a vision grandly breaks !

VI.

'Twas eve beside St. Lawrence' rapid stream,
The twilight shades were closing into night,
The sleepy owl gave his uncouth scream
To hail the season of his dark delight,
When to the river came a lonely wight ⁽²⁾
Sad, worn, and weary, with his fruitless toil,
For all that day he urged his eager flight
To gain a welcome on a kindly soil,
But labyrinthine woods did all his efforts foil.

VII.

And sinking down beneath a withered oak,
Whose leafless branches to the winds complain,
Disordered visions on his fancy broke,

The offspring of excitement and of pain ;
Nor could his mind for long a thought retain,
And lurking fears denied the balm of sleep.
So did he watch the weary hours wane,
While on his brow the dews of midnight weep,
And sounds of strange portent came thro' the forest
deep.

VIII.

The autumnal moon, from out the flying clouds,
Would now and then appear with ghostly hue,
Soon lost again amid the fleecy shrouds ;—
The giant shadows of the forest threw
Wild forms that came and sped before his view ;
From out the woods came many a dismal groan,
Whisked by the winds, dry leaves around him flew,
And eddying by, with deep sepulchral tone,
The river rolled beside the paleface sad and lone.

IX.

“ When will I leave,” he cried, “ this dismal land,
Where savage men and frightful monsters roam ?
When will I on my native country stand,
And see my father and my childhood’s home ?
O ! will I ne’er, beneath the humble dome,
Join in my brother’s and my sister’s glee ?
Oh ! will the hour never, never come,
When dearest, Lenore, I can fly to thee,
And end long years of woe in love and liberty ?”

X.

The hollow winds with mocking voice replied,
The moon looked on him with a dull, cold stare,
He gazed upon the dreary scene and sighed.

"Oh! would," he cried, "that I had perished
where

Brave Braddock fell, in battle's scathing glare, ⁽³⁾

Nor thus dishonored in the forest cower,
Starting at shadows, which my own despair
Conjures, as phantoms of my captor's power,
Whose hateful camp I fled at midnight's silent
hour!"

XI.

While thus he murmuring lay before him rose

A giant form bedecked in war's array,
He knew the plume and mantle were a foe's,

He saw it lift the tomahawk to slay;
One moment did his fainting spirit stay

To breath its latest pray'r, "*Thy will be done.*"
Then did the Indian check his arm and say:

"No—Rasseloonee, wait the rising sun,
But only until morn thy race of life shall run!"

XII.

He sternly bade the paleface to arise,

But still he stirred not, then he thought him
dead.

He knelt beside him, closed his glazing eyes,
Then raised him in his nervous arms and sped
Along a path that by the river led
Unto the Indian's secret camping place.
Unconsciously, back to the place he fled,
The mighty chieftain bore the weak paleface,
Where squaws attend to cure him for the Gauntlet
race. (4)

XIII.

The morning came, a dull and cloudy morn,
And gloomy mists hung on the atmosphere,
The lonely captive, weary and forlorn,
Lay on the earth all wretched, sad and drear ;
Within the wigwam stood his captor near,
King of his tribe, a chief of might and state,
Of giant form, proud, haughty and austere,
Who viewed his captive with grim joy elate,
His darkly flashing eyes seemed fires lit by hate.

XIV.

To stakes prepared the captive youth was bound,
The brand was lighted, and the faggots piled,
And ruthless savages stood waiting round
The hopeless Paleface on them calmly smiled.
When the proud Chieftain of the northern wild,
Wahmosatah, unto his people said :
" I will that Rasseloonee be my child,
For long I've mourned my son, Hiola, dead,

He's young, and good, and brave, with him I'll
share my bread ! »

XV.

The chief unbound and took him to his tent,
And washed his wounds, and gave him rich
attire,
And food and drink, and bade him, kindly meant,
To look upon him as his chief and sire,
For he had saved him from a death by fire.
And so he travelled to the distant west,
And learned their language, as their laws require,
Assumed their habits, in their manner drest,
And, named Hiola, lived much honored and carest.

XVI.

Three long bright summers passed, the fourth
had come,
And vernal blossoms crowned the sylvan scene.
The wildbird's melody, the insects' hum,
Rose 'neath the shadow of their native green
Where the lone Paleface had a captive been,
He trod the war-path with them, chased the
deer,
Had all their pleasures and their sorrow seen ;
But now he knew another strife was near—
War with his countrymen, with those to him most
dear.

XVII.

Ononthio, he heard the chieftain say, (5)
Had sent to tell them peace was at an end,
And, to Quebec, he soon must haste away,
To aid his brother and his trusty friend
Where glory's won there must his tribe contend,
For they were tired of a peaceful life,
And longed to hear their warwhoop cries ascend,
Amind the raging of the battle strife.
And sing the song of war, and draw the idle knife.

XVIII.

Next morn five hundred warriors arose,
Drest in their warpaint, sang their battle song,
Then took the path to where St. Lawrence flows,
In proud array, formidable and strong ;
And Rasseloonee went with them along,
No more a captive but a hunter tried,
But feeling bitterly the coming wrong,
For well he knew, that, by St. Lawrence tide,
His countrymen were ranged, in all their ancient
pride.

XIX.

In sight of high Quebec's beleaguered wall,
Where Montmorency's headlong waters pour,
The Indians made their camp, hard by the fall,

As night was shading the embattled shore.
The watchfires blazed along the lines before,
Reflected in the river calm and still,
From hill to hill the lights extended o'er,
From post to post, with voices loud and shrill.
The guarding sentinels the watchward cries fulfil.

XX.

Loudly the bugles sang the *Reveillé*,
As rosy morn from out her eastern bed
Far over vale and mount, and restless sea,
The gentle beaming of her beauty shed.
The chieftain his adopted hunter led
To where the mount o'erlooked the lovely land ;
A splendid scene before their view was spread,
Far to the right the fortress, sternly grand,
Frowned in defiance proud on the invading band.

XXI.

Below, the river lay serenely bright,
The British fleet was anchored on its breast
Close to the Isle of Orleans, where the white
Aligned tents show the invaders rest,
Among the trees in vernal beauties drest.
From either camp arose a busy sound,
Preparing for the coming dread contest,
And martial music oft would rise around,
Where soon conflicting foes would tread the gory
ground.

XXII.

The chieftain viewed the scene with wistful eye,
While his proud soul was racked by thoughts
of woe ;
His heart was lifted by a painful sigh,
He pointed to the tented isle below ;
And, with a trembling voice, said : « Paleface
know
I had an only son but he was slain
In battle with thy nation long ago ;
I've taken vengeance, but it all was vain
My son ! my son Hiola ! ne'er will live again ! »

XXIII.

The warrior bowed his plumed head to hide
A tear that coursed adown his swarthy cheek—
A father's love had triumphed o'er his pride
And, for an instant, that stern heart was weak ;
Then, turning to the Paleface, thus did speak :
« Art thou, Paleface, thy father's only son,
And dost thou think he lives for thee to seek ? »
« My chief I am my father's only one,
And fondly do I hope his race of life not run ! »

XXIV.

The trees around them were in springtide bloom,
The mighty scene looked grand and wildly fair,

The south'rn zephyrs, laden with perfume,
Stirred the soft calmness of the dreamy air.
The Orient assumed a golden glare,
Then o'er the mountains came the god of day,
And robed in beauty crags and boulders bare ;
And from the thicket came the wild bird's lay,
To greet with joyous song the life bestowing ray.

XXV.

The chief looked on the Paleface long with sadness,
As o'er him seemed to hang a cloud of gloom,
« Rejoice ! » he said, « Let thy heart fill with
gladness
At the beauty of the scene, to me its bloom
Is but as flowers cast upon a tomb—
To me it is a desert ! Thou art free !
Go to thy people, see thy father soon,
That his heart may rejoice when he will see
The sun at morning rise, and springtime's blooming
tree ! »

XXVI.

O ! sweet affection ! thou of heav'nly birth !
Whose holy realm is the human heart ;
Thy smile can light the darkest path on earth,
And to the lowest lot a joy impart ;
And soothe the spirit writhing 'neath the smart
Of blighted hope, or more corroding sorrow,
Doth smooth the wrinkled brow with kindly art,

And strive, untiring, some new hope to borrow,
Tho' Death were pointing to Eternity to-morrow !

XXVII.

Blest with thy care, how happy were my days,
And bright, and cloudless, in my mountain
home,
Where, happily, I learned thy gentle ways,
Ere stormy passions forced me from its dome
Upon the world, with altered heart, to roam,
And, by a hard experience, attain
That evil knowledge, which will ever come
To those who walk with men upon the plain
Of broad equality, for glory, place or gain !

XXVIII.

A waif upon this mighty world I've been,
Its sympathies and sorrows I have felt,
And mixed in many a wild and stirring scene,
In camps and cities with strange men I've
dwelt.
On far off lands in brotherhood I've knelt
With strangers, and, at other times, I've known
The hardest heart with gentle feeling melt,
For there is something, mayhap but a tone,
Which thrills with sympathy, e'en spirits most
alone !

XXIX.

And thou, dear Ivon, wert beside then,
To share the dreamings of thy wayward
friend,—
So long we're parted, we may meet again,
When, haply, we may Friendship's hand extend ;
And, once again, our hopes and pleasures blend
In blest communion, as in days of yore,
And, to the future we have pictured, lend
Those hues of happiness, which erst before
We fondly drew from nature's unexhausted store.

XXX.

Thou wert,—but art thou still my friend ? I deem
Sometimes that I'm forgotten, and my heart
Quails in my bosom, then the gushing stream
Of treasured recollections soothe the smart,
And to my soul their healing balms impart,
Which, if the world hath taught thee to forget,
Yet never can from my sad soul depart,
But live, if but as spectres of regret,
Which, phantom-like, mind's pleasures gloomily
beset !

XXXI.

And thou unto the wanderer wert ever
Present in lone thought, my only friend

Save the Eternal, for thou hast never
Caused one sad pang in bitterness to blend
With Friendship's hallowed joys, but oft did lend
A cheering smile to still my bosom's strife,
Which oft in conflict rose as if to rend
My very heart asunder, and my life
Without thee were a maze with naught but sorrow
rife !

XXXII.

Long years have passed away since first we met,
And many changes we have known since then.
How many memories, to wake regret,
Appear distinctly to the mind again !
And now, amid strange scenes and stranger men,
It is a pleasure to remember thee,
And call to mind the bygone hours, when,
In interchange of thought and feeling, we
Passed each succeeding day in calm tranquility.

XXXIII.

Since all the world, save thou, are false to me,
In my faint lay, perhaps it is the last,
With heartfelt pleasure I remember thee,
For, in a few short years, all will have past.
Then he, the wanderer, who vainly cast
All happiness away, will be no more
Awakened by the trumpet's shrilly blast,
And death descends upon his heart's fond core—
Wilt thou the Soldier-bard's last legacy restore ?

XXXIV.

Wilt thou from dull oblivion snatch his name,
When the mysterious source of life has fled,
And give to those he loved and lost, his fame,
For only will he be remembered dead.
Then the sweet light which sympathy shall shed
Upon the page will be more sweet, more dear
Than Victory's shout, amid the battle red,
Upon his dying half unconscious ear,
Which tells his cause is won, tho' death were
stalking near !

XXXV.

Hark ! what sound now breaks the summer still-
ness !
What sullen boom is echoed by the hills—
Portentous sounds that come with mellowed
shrillness ?
At the harsh warning gentle nature stills,
And now the shore the marshaled army fills,
Whose arms glance brightly in the noonday
sun ;—
Heroic ardor thro' each bosom thrills ;
Then loudly thunders the besieging gun, (6)
Till, on the trodden beach, the smoke clouds gather
dun.

XXXVI.

Across the gentle stream are swiftly flung
The hissing balls upon their deadly course ;
Soon as the trumpet the loud signal sung,
And stern commanders gave with voices hoarse
Conflicting mandates to the belted force ;
Then flashed the claymores of the Fraser
clan, (7)
Like some wild torrent from its mountain source,
And master Lovet saw each Scottish man
In pride of plaid and plume, rush forth to take the
van.

XXXVII.

Here let us pause to look upon a form (8)
Whose manly vigor, joined with youthful grace,
Stands foremost in war's devastating storm,
A hero's ardor glowing in his face,
Where anxious hope, and stern resolve now trace
The varied feelings of his noble mind :
He upward points unto that mighty place
Where soon, alas! his bounding heart will find
An early doom, and leave a stainless name behind !

XXXVIII.

Now, from the ships that on the river ride,
The deep mouthed cannon join tumultuous
roar,

And from their sides repulse the startled tide,
And hurl destruction on the leaguered shore,
Where clouds of smoke hang dark and dimly o'er,
Oft parted by the fire of the foe,—
Now the invaders to their barges pour,
And 'cross the intervening waters row,
While, over and around, the deadly missiles glow.

XXXIX.

Swiftly the barges dash athwart the stream, (9)
But ere the first had reached the battle strand,
Red bolts of flame around them flash and gleam,
As leaping forth they struggle hand to hand,
And, breast to breast, contest the gory land.
The invaders wildly rush upon their foes,
Who movelessly the furious onslaught stand,
Tho' oft repulsed, like waves, they sank and
rose,
And, stained with hostile gore, St. Lawrence darkly
flows.

XL.

Madly they rush upon the reeking shore,
From whence the tide of flame unceasing pours,
And noble hearts sink down for evermore,
While the red conflict unabating roars.
From out the wave the drowning wretch implores
For aid that comes not, and a dark, dull cloud
Hangs gloomily on the embattled shores,

And round the carnage wraps a noisome shroud
From whence the clash of strife arises fierce and loud.

XLI.

Now the invaders, over heaps of slain,
Possess the beach, and, with unyielding might
Press on, the dear bought success to retain,
And, thro' increasing havoc, urge the fight
Upwards and onwards till they scale the height;
Full many a home that day was desolate,
And many an eye, once beaming with the light
Of kindly love, was fixed in stony hate.
How terrible success bought at a price so great !

XLII.

Ah ! many a gentle bosom mourned that day
For him who was its solace and its pride ;
And tearful eyes, and aching hearts did pray
For many a nameless one who fell and died
Upon that death encumbered river side.
Proud youth, with aspirations high for glory,
And self-reliant manhood that defied
Life's numerous ills, and the veteran hoary,
Alike were levelled by the hand of havoc gory.

XLIII.

The gleaming bayonets meet in deadly strife
And tomahawk and claymore clash on high,

While hideous noises dismally are rife,
The shrieking bugle and the wild war cry—
While angry foemen grapple as they die.
But all their dauntless valor was in vain, ⁽¹⁰⁾
Again repulsed, retiring, they fly,
And cleave the stream, their barges to regain,
While long triumphant cheers arise with proud
acclaim.

XLIV.

The sun has set in gloom, and all is o'er—
The sated fiend has sunk his gory head,
As night's black shadow falls upon the shore
Where thousands had, that morning, fought and
bled,
And livid, rot in hecatombs of dead.
The watchful sentry, on his beat alone,
Turns, with a shudder, from the place of dread,
From whence he hears the harsh and sick'ning
tone.
Of gorging wolves that strip the lacerated bone.

XLV.

When bright Aurora, from the orient,
In rosy beauty, smiled on vale and hill,
On Orleans isle was seen nor guard, nor tent, ⁽¹¹⁾
But all around was undisturbed and still ;
There no loud trumpet gave its warning shrill,
But wild birds carol where invaders lay ;

And spreading sails the morning zephyrs fill.

Wolfe, with his army, ere the dawn of day,
Upon the south'rn shore, had marched for miles
away.

XLVI.

And, when the shades of night fell dark and deep

Upon Canadian woods, no clamor broke

The silence that enwrapt the mountain steep,

When the invaders from their slumber woke ;

And stealthily, beneath the gloomy cloak

Of night, the host embarks upon the stream,

While muffled oars, with long and steady stroke,

Urge them along to where the watchlights
gleam.

Far thro' the ambient gloom with red, directing
beam.

XLVII.

Along, beneath the woody shore, they move

In silent darkness, on the outward tide,

The gloomy cedars on the cliffs above

Cast their deep shadows o'er them as they glide.

Now, as their oars the sleeping waves divide,

The sentry's voice breaks on the silent night,

Awaking echoes from the mountain side ;

In low reply, the foremost answer right,

And, passing on their way, pursue their rapid flight.

XLVIII.

Soon on the shore the marshaled squadrons stand,
And high above them looms the fortress proud
In awful silence, threat'ning, stern, and grand ;
Around its bat'ries hung the grayish cloud
Of morning. Then the trumpet sounded loud,
From guard to guard, along the leagured wall,
While the invaders up the mountain crowd,
And form their ranks to their commander's call,
Presenting there a front that nothing could appal.

XLIX.

Filled was the city then with strange alarms,
Where wild anxiety and noise abound,
While hurriedly was heard the call to arms,
And loud artillery with startling sound
Came from the ramparts of the city round.
On Ab'ram's plains did hostile banners wave,
Where wheeling columns shook the battle ground,
And to the field rushed forth the anxious brave
To perish on its sod, their glorious post to save.

L.

All was confusion in the city then,
When the dull mists of morning rolled away,
And the quick tramp of armed and warlike men
Was heard advancing to the battle fray,

To stake their all upon that fatal day.

The serried ranks with thundering step advance,
In all the gorgeousness of war's array,

Their nodding plumes and bright appointments
glance

A thousand dazzling rays from bayonet, sword, and
lance.

LI.

The drums beat to the charge, and with a cheer

Of eagerness for victory, they cry—

As on a summer's day, when skies are clear,

Two dark opposing clouds appear on high,

And bolts of lightning red rush wildly by,

With forked tongues, athwart the interspace ;

Thus drew the armies to each other nigh,

Wide sheets of fire wrapping either face,

Which soon the lovely scene with misery debase.

LII.

Old Wahmosatah, in the pride of years,

And mad for vengeance, rushed unto the field ;

He calls upon Hiola, as he rears

His dauntless crest, that knows not how to yield :

As at each blow another foeman reeled,

He'd shake his crimson club aloft, and rush

To where the strife more terribly revealed,

By constant charge, the battle's wildest crush,

With madness in his eye, that beamed with ardor's
flush.

LIII.

His was the valor of a savage soul
That knew no mercy and feared not to die,
Unheeding what the future might unroll
Of that dark vale wherein his fathers lie.
Around he saw two tyrant races vie
For sovereignty o'er wilds that owned him chief.
Still did he fight, nor pause to question why,—
Revenge he sought to ease his bitter grief,
And battle's dread alarms to him were a relief.

LIV.

Little he recked for whom the fight was won—
A minion where his sires reigned as kings—
He felt dishonored—an unworthy son
To claim a source from such heroic springs.
Stript of his rights—deserted by the things
Which e'en the savage learns to love and prize ;
As if he courted death, he madly flings
Himself upon the foeman he defies ;
For what men fear or shun he knew but to despise.

LV.

A strange wild people, they have passed away,
Like their native forests, from this lovely land,
Nor left a trace of their extensive sway ;
No monument of bold barbaric hand

Raised to perpetuate a stern command.

'Tis lost—all save the tale of what they were,
Proud, independent, fearless, free and grand,
They lorded o'er the forest, and confer
On it a fearful gloom that coldest bosoms stir.

LVI.

In youth I've listened by the hunter's knee
With tearful eyes and bosom all a-glow
To tales of border war and cruelty,
Of long captivity thro' years of woe,
The lurking vengeance of a cruel foe,
Who spared not smiling youth nor helpless age,
The fortitude that never would forego
The independence of its heritage,
With virtue stern and high, and wild heroic rage.

LVII.

Such they were once, but now how sadly changed
The might and power of the Indian race
Since when, with natural liberty they ranged
The boundless forest, ere the mean paleface
Came with vile treachery, and cunning base
To blot their glory and usurp their right,
Pollute their waters, and their lands disgrace,
And in return give spiritual light
For all they robbed them of, in covetous despite.

LVIII.

Dark clouds hang gloomy o'er the trodden plain
Where the dread conflict unabating roars,
The verdant sod receives a darker stain
From riven breasts whose vital pulse outpours.
In vain for aid the wounded wretch implores,
The bloody hand withheld the boon of death.
Now far, now near, the demon tempest lowr's,
Then o'er him whirls the fiery, scorching breath,
And by conflicting ranks, he's trod unseen beneath.

LIX.

Now Wolfe beholds his daring ranks repelled,
But, in their front, he leads them on anew,
Their swerveless line, unyieldingly they held,
Tumultuously the foe upon them flew ;
While to withstand the thundering onslaught,
drew
Invading ranks across their headlong way ;
They meet—the awful shock thrills through and
through
The pressing mass, they struggle, reel and sway,
While many a heap of slain is piled amid the fray.

LX.

See yonder plume that dances o'er the fray
And where the fight is thickest there it flows,

Around it see the dripping sabres play—
The war increases wheresoe'er it goes.
It is Montcalm, whose warlike ardor grows
More desperate, as his ranks are backwards
driven.
As danger sprung his valor did oppose
To it a force whose energy was given
Unto the cause for which his countrymen had striven.

LXI.

Onward he came, most eager to engage,
And backwards drive the strange invading host,
And, sword to sword, decide his valiant rage
Or die defending his unconquered post.
Still battle's tide rolled on till he almost
Had gained his object, and full oft he led
Those to the charge, who, doubting, might have
lost;
While the wild carnage of the battle spread,
Upon the reeking plain, more terrible and red.

LXII.

The sun shone brightly on the forest land,
But that plain saw it not;—the purple cloud
Of carnage wrapt the scene, with jealous hand,
Where men whose legacy was hate unbowed
Fought desperately for yonder fortress proud;
Upon whose walls did anxious bosom's beat
In wild anxiety, as strife grew loud—

They thought of loved ones they might never
meet,
Or pictured the dread chance of terrible defeat.

LXIII.

More fierce and wild the strife increases now,
For desperation nerves each soldier's breast;
And the warm blood encrimsons many a brow
Fixed in a dying frown of hate unblest.
On! on to death! the trumpet's shrill behest
Claims the last sacrifice that you can make!—
Defeat! captivity!—no, it were best
Fall where ye are, for home and honor's sake
Than those proud walls before a conqueror should
shake!

LXIV.

In vain! in vain onslaught and charge succeed,
Rank after rank in terrible array
Sweeps o'er the plain with unabated speed—
No valor could withstand that awful day.
Borne down to earth old Wahmosatah lay
Yielding his life through many an open wound,
Oft torn by iron heels amid the fray,
His failing senses caught each fearful sound
While vainly he essayed to rise from off the ground.

LXV.

Though felled to earth his once unbending form
That oft traversed the wild with lordly tread,

And met the winter and the battle storm
With brawny front, erect and haughty head ;
And oft in many a field of horror bled
To wreak revenge, or justice to attain,
Now grovelled in the gore himself had shed.
His soul, that never would submit to pain,
Writhed wildly in the coils of its frail mortal chain.

LXVI.

Thus Edward found him when the tide of war
Had passed and left him on the field to die,
But yet as loud and wildly raged afar.
While deathly films dimmed his burning eye,
He raised the chieftain's head with many a sigh
And breathed his native accents in his ear—
The parting spirit paused to make reply
Unto a voice that long to it was dear,
While as he spoke his glance beamed soft and calmly
clear.

LXVII.

" 'Tis time for Wāhmosatah to be dead,
His land is conquered and his people slaves,
O ! never will he lead, as once he led,
Unto the battle his unflinching braves !—
A tyrant's foot now presses on their graves
Lev'ling them to earth, while the last poor few,
Which chance, unmerciful, for sorrow saves,
Wander afar from where their childhood grew,
Foll'wing the setting sun to lands hostile and new !

LXVIII.

“ Long lost Hiola calls me to his side !—
I come ! I come ! ” he murmured faint and low,
Then, falling back, on Edward’s bosom died,
While from his failing glance departed slow
The conscious fervor of life’s latest glow.
Then softly Edward laid him on the earth,
While tears of sorrow o’er his corse did flow ;—
“ If ever man possessed a heart of worth
It beat within that breast, tho’ sprung of savage
birth ! ”

LXIX.

’Tis such as thou, O ! much lamented chief,
Who shame the annals of a Christian land !
Thine was the hero’s rage, the patriot’s grief,
Who firm to truth and nature learned to stand.
Thy native woods than thee were not more grand
In natural majesty, and conscious might ;—
The greater work of an Almighty hand—
A soul directed by internal light—
A man by virtue blest, and free from polished blight.

LXX.

For the proud memory of one like thee
We might forget a line of bloody kings,
And mankind for it would more happy be,

Despite the ill that to our being clings.
O! for the day when Love will bind the wings
Of Time with flowers! and the righteous law
Of Truth will regulate all mortal things;—
And usages, like icy mountains, thaw
Before the genial sun which gifted seers foresaw!

LXXI.

With mighty vigor, and with dauntless front,
For one last charge, the shattered ranks combine;
Breasts that had borne the battle's fiercest brunt,
Rolling destruction from their awful line!
The British Soldiers, they who do resign
Peace, and security, and joys of home,
With all the hopes that round our being twine,
Bringing sweet Liberty where'er they come,—
Creating happiness, tho' hapless they must roam!

LXXII.

The star of western empire brightly shone,
Anon, it seemed to pale amid the smoke
Of battle towards heaven hugely thrown,
Then thro' the clouds in glorious promise broke,
Nerving the arm to give the deadly stroke,
Or light with hope the dying hero's eye,
Just ere his soul to purer scenes awoke;—
Then crashing volleys hurtle wildly by,
As ranks rush fast on ranks to conquer or to die!

LXXIII.

With cheering voice Wolfe to his army calls,
Leading to victory with bosom proud,
But as they press along he droops—he falls.
As if one spirit swayed that mighty crowd
They pause—then one wild shriek appalling, loud,
Rang on the turbulent and frightened air ;
Such mad menace that awful sound avowed,
With desperation, e'en beyond despair,
Which told how much mankind for one like him
will dare !

LXXIV.

Forward they press, their bayonets brightly
gleaming,
In serried ranks, with resolution strong,
In every eye heroic valor beaming—
A mighty billow thundering along.
Upon the ground, surrounded by a throng
Of weeping followers, the leader lay ;
The Indian ceased to chaunt his battle song,
Forgetting as he gazed the frenzied fray,
Then, kneeling, kindly strove the crimson tide to
stay.

LXXV.

But vain was all their art, the hand of death
Upon its victim prematurely came.

As victory crowned him with a fadeless wreath,
And glory gave him an undying fame.
Whom honor praises few will dare to blame,
But he was worthy of its highest praise,
For he did feel the hero's noble flame
Urging his soul to soar beyond its days,
Yet shine, consistent still, in glory's daz'ling blaze.

LXXVI.

Across the plain the tide of battle rolled,
Far from that mourning and sad-hearted group,
And murky clouds the clashing armies fold
In dismal shadows, that far spreading stoop
Above the fated city. Now a troop,
Hot from the bloody fray, would outward pass,
While on the wind would come the wild war-
whoop
With mingled noises from the swaying mass ;
But still the battle raged fierce as it ever was.

LXXVII.

The fiend of carnage gloated o'er the plain,
Where mangled atoms mock the warrior's toil,
The blackened visage of accusing slain
Encumbered horribly the fruitful soil,
But this is Glory and Ambition's spoil,
Caused by harsh tyranny and thoughts accurst :
But now the ponderous bulk of clouds recoil,
And shattered squadrons on the vision burst
Along the battle field in conflict wide dispersed.

LXXVIII.

The hardy Scots, by master Lovet led,
Upon their enemy resistless pour,
And the bright claymore springs aloft all red
And hot with many a fearless bosom's gore,
That awful charge all fell or fled before,
While high arose a wild tumultuous shout,
As to the city gates the vanquished pour
In headlong haste—defeated, put to rout,
While universal grief the city spread about !

LXXIX.

O'er the young leader of invading swords
The hand of death was quick and coldly
stealing,
But oft his anxious eye would wander towards
The distant plain, with conflict madly reeling ;
And when the trumpet, loud and shrilly pealing,
Told of the rally or the charge, he'd sigh
And murmur faintly, with impotent feeling,
But when he heard it said, "They fly ! They
fly !"
"Thank Heaven !" he cried "'tis done now happy
I can die !"

LXXX.

And so he fell in manhood's early prime,
Brave, generous, and worthy to command,

A spirit fitted for a better time,
A purer region, and a brighter land !
May there be ever men like him to stand,
In days of danger, for the cause of right,
With fearless bosom, and with ready hand,
The purple tyrant in his pride to smite,
Till from its odious load earth's liberated quite.

LXXXI.

The shout of victory o'er the ocean flew,
Triumphant joy thro' all Britannia spread,
A nation gloried, but there were a few
Who mourned in silence for the hero dead.
A widowed mother tears of sorrow shed,
And one he long had hoped to call his bride,
O'er blighted love, with inward anguish bled ;
And long it was ere weeping eyes were dried,
For Fame's a poor reward for what his fate denied.

LXXXII.

Much did he wish for sweet domestic peace,
For gentle joys which cling around a home,
But custom never will its slaves release,
So was he doomed unhappily to roam,
Until, beyond the dreary ocean's foam,
He, for his country, yielded up his life.
Death the hero conqueror o'ercome
In that proud moment when victorious strife
Released a lovely land from war that long was rife.

LXXXIII.

Peace to the shade of him who perished so,
A victim to the cause for which he fought ;
But while Quebec will stand—St. Lawrence flow,
His memory will never be forgot.
While we who like him, but in lowlier lot,
May meet with death upon some future field,
Unknown our name, save for another blot
Upon the brazen, gore-encumbered shield
Which flaunts one mighty name, and leaves all
others veiled.

LXXXIV.

But little reck if such a fate be ours,
Contented if by death we purchase peace ;
We are the slaves of those important pow'rs
Who take a care our sorrows never cease ;
And when that hour brings a quick release,
Who deal in death may well know how to die.
We fall uncared, nor by that fall increase
Even a tear in fond affection's eye,
Nor cause one loving breast to heave a painful sigh !

LXXXV.

Behold around this humble board the friends
And partners of a lowly soldier's fate,
Whose kindness to the present hour lends

What little pleasure is allowed our state.
Here we can laugh and sing, and toast and prate ;—
A small community of honest hearts
Can be as happy, and can feel as great
As those to whom a hoard of wealth imparts
Much pride, and little sense, produced by tortured
arts !

LXXXVI.

Comrades we are in danger and in joy,
Conventionalities we do despise,
Alike we have small future hope to buoy
Us o'er life's ocean, when its storms arise ;
Whate'er the present gives us, or denies,
We take indifferent, or with a smile,
We use no sophistry, need no disguise,
The ever new to-morrow can beguile
Us with a hope as good as any other wile !

LXXXVII.

As I remember once, when Erin's coast
Loomed high and threat'ning on our murky lee,
I saw a ship, with mast and helm lost,
Drive to destruction o'er the stormy sea.
Upon her deck, in hopeless agony,
Some wept, some pray'd, some cursed, but all
in vain,
And some faced death in drunken revelry,
Quaffing the eager cup to numb the pain
Of dying on that shore they longed so much to gain.

LXXXVIII.

But when they looked before them on the rock
Frowning precipitous, and cold, and bare,
Their reason staggered at the frightful shock—
Sunk in the lethargy of dull despair.
So is it in this life, when woe and care
Have left us little more but to endure,
We reckless grow, unheeding when or where
The strife may end, if that we can secure
A little present joy, although, perhaps, impure !

LXXXIX.

To home again the warworn soldier turned—
A weary wanderer for many years—
And oft, with fond anxiety, he yearned
To clasp unto his breast and still the fears
Of those loved ones, who watch thro' gath'ring
tears,
For his returning footsteps, to disclose
That blest reunion which so much endears,
To homely hearts, the absent one who goes
Thro' war's vicissitudes, and deep, and many woes !

XC.

'Twas eve when Edward stood upon a hill
Which overlooked the valley of his birth,
Then oh ! what joy did thro' his bosom thrill !

His long exile that moment well was worth.
He had beheld upon this lovely earth
Many a scene of beauty far more fair,
But they weren't hallowed by those ties whose
dearth

Makes e'en the brightest scene a desert bare,—
Sweet Home ! with all the bonds of love, and
kindred there !

XCI.

With throbbing heart, and fond, and tearful gaze
He traced each spot, familiar long ago,
When, in the happiness of youthful days,
He sported oft, nor knew a thought of woe,
Still did the meadow streamlet smiling flow
Hard by his father's vineclad cottage door ;—
The village church, half hid in trees below,
The path a-field, which, oftentimes before,
He trod with hasty step to meet his love Lenore.

XCII.

Soon did he clasp unto his manly breast
His aged sire and his mother dear,
And loving hearts to his were closely prest,
Which separation rendered doubly near ;
And now, relieved from every jealous fear,
His Lenore flies to meet his glad embrace,
In her blue eyes affection's joyful tear

On seeing once again that loving face,
Which, in her virgin heart, long held the dearest
place.

XCIII.

And they were happy, if there may be aught
Of happiness for hearts that loved so long
And faithfully as theirs. O ! there is naught
On earth more beautiful than love so strong,
Which could outlast accumulated wrong,
And separation, time, and changes sore,
With all the evils that we live among,
Remaining still untainted, as before
They, in a selfish world, had gained a deeper lore !

XCIV.

Here ends my song—and I am worn and sad—
Chill silence falls upon the failing string,
Its last vibrations cannot well be glad,
And themes of joy befit me not to sing.
The wand is broken that did sweetly fling
A spell, as of enchantment, on my way.
Bright children of my soul ! the dear offspring
Of many a weary night and lonely day ;
Farewell ! ye are but dreams, and can no longer stay !

XCV.

The echo dies along the caverned side
Of hoary Calpè ; and my soul is dark—

'Tis gone !—and nothing save the restless tide,
 Bearing along full many a gallant bark,
Breaks on the silence, surging where you mark
 The waveworn base of this high citadel,
Still brooding o'er its shadow, where the shark
 Watches for prey, where hideous monsters
 dwell
Far in the hidden deeps of many an azure cell.

XCVI.

I like not war—I hate the circumstance
 And gaudy meanness of its pomp and state,
And pity fools who hang upon the chance
 Of tyrannous caprice to prove their fate.
I sang of battles but to show that great
 And noble souls are slaves to destiny.
Wars only such as Italy of late
 Waged with her tyrants, who were forced to flee,
Are holy, and the cause of God is Liberty.

XCVII.

Still do I linger—gentle Muse farewell !
 Thou wert the Soldier's best and sweetest
 friend !
Oft hast thou raised him to the pinnacle
 Of happiness, and round him did extend
A world of beauty, varied, without end ;
 In these he revelled, but they leave him now,
And meaner things o'er him may frowning bend,

But these he doth despise too much to bow
Before them, and he'll meet their frowns with
dauntless brow !

XCVIII.

Once I did hope for fame amid the throng,
And even now methinks when I am dead,
Some tender heart may listen to my song,
And for my grief a tear of pity shed ;
But while I live, I would not have it said,
The Soldier-bard did sue for pity's tear,—
No ! let me die, as I have lived and bled,
With none I love, or who have loved me near,
Upon a path whose very loneliness is dear !

XCIX.

But now a darkness seems to fall upon
The once bright pictures of my ardent mind,
As hope is fair until forever gone ;
As this day's sun has gradually declined,
Nor in the gloom that follows close behind,
Left one sweet ray of all its glorious light,
The scenes of long departed joy to find ;
So do I feel my soul descend in night,
Leaving no memory behind to cheer its flight !

C.

Then down into the gulf my soul, nor turn
A thought upon the sunshine that has fled,

Cease to remember, to regret, to yearn
For joys departed, and for beauties dead !
Can outward darkness on my pathway shed,
A blackness deeper than enshrouds my breast ?
Night ! thou art welcome to my weary head.
Ere long the sun will sink into the west,
But never rise for me, in dissolution blest !

THE LAMENT OF ARMAND.

“ Some might lament that I were cold,
 As I, when this sweet day is gone,
 Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
 Insults with this untimely moan ;— ”

* * * * *

“ * * * I live to show
 How much men bear, and die not.”

—*Shelley.*

I.

Beneath the shade of Calpè's triple height,
 While the slow sun declined behind the hills
 Of lovely Andalusia, where the might
 Of Love so often and so wildly thrills,
 There is a spot, where solitude instils
 A sweet and dreamy joy into the soul,
 Where Nature drest in rugged grandeur fills
 The eye with charms that soften and console,
 Where lofty mountains frown and blue waves
 darkly roll.

II.

There, leaning 'gainst a rock in pensive mood,
Watching the waves with unobservant glance,
A lonely wanderer and stranger stood,
Who long had travelled o'er the wide expanse
Of this fair desecrated earth, perchance
Enjoyed its pleasures and endured its woes ;
If so, he had survived the pleasing trance
Which early life o'er trouble sweetly throws,
When hope, unchilled by time, divine and brightly
glows.

III.

His lute, the sole companion of his way,
Now lay unheeded on the waveworn shore ;
In youth he learned its simple notes to play,
And often since, when strong emotion tore
His heart, he'd seize the instrument and pour
The fervor of his feelings on the string,
As if by that he quiet could restore
Unto his mind, that strange affected thing,
Or even for a while a ray of pleasure bring.

IV.

Time was when gentle hearts for Armand cared,
But they were now the shadows of a dream,
And, tho' his sympathy with all he shared,

There were some moments when it would
beseem

He shunned the crowded mart where people
teem :

In sooth he little liked the busy throng,
But on the shore or by the mountain stream,
He loved to wander, as when he was young,
And take his lute, as now his pensive lay he sung.

V.

“ Come to my aid, thou, ever happy, Muse !—

All that I know to love are left behind.—

As on a former day thou can’st infuse

A new delight upon my wearied mind :

Now thou art all that’s left to me, entwined

With everything that’s pure in memory,

In thee new worlds and sateless joys I find.

Thy ever sweet and soothing melody

Wafts my enraptured soul to heav’n along with
thee !

VI.

“ For I have sought the many fancied ways

By which ’t was said I might o’ercome my grief,

Still brooding sorrow on my spirit preys,

And wildest changes bring me no relief,

For, since it has become the first and chief

Bright object of my life to love, I roam

About this joyless earth, for years are brief,

And soon the day to end it all will come :—
Then will the outcast find rest, quiet, and a home !

VII.

“ Here will I stay my footsteps, where, alone,
Sad Ruin broods within her ivied shrine,
Where Beauty, once, and manly valour, shone,
Ere turned to dust by all consuming time ;
Who saw their youth, their glory, and their prime,
And then their age come creeping on apace, .
Till every record of their former crime
And virtue his deep furrows did efface,
And naught was left to tell of their departed race.

VIII.

“ Here Solitude sweet contemplation woos
To search the hidden avenues of thought,
Where burns the light of Reason to infuse
A deeper fervor for the lore she taught.
Ah ! well I ween, such lore not often sought
By those on whom dame Fortune kindly smiles
Until Prosperity continued, wrought
Around their hearts her cold and selfish toils,
Which every better thought and purer impulse foils.

IX.

“ O Poverty ! how many a noble heart
Hast thou not blighted with accursed want,
And forced to suffer 'neath the constant smart

Of many a bitter, undeserved taunt ?
From mean-souled men, whose power was the
vaunt
Of a superiority that makes
The meanest and the the vilest dare to daunt
The wise and virtuous ; till hope forsakes
The long enduring heart that all neglected breaks ?

X.

“ Is that a spectre in that dark recess ?—
The sanctuary where beauty veiled her charms,
Or, mayhap, yielded to the fond caress
Of Love’s encircling and enraptured arms.
Perhaps unwonted footstep here alarms
The spirit of the ruin, who has held
Her mould’ring reign, secure from ruder harms,
Where erst high pride, and pomp, and glory
swelled,
But now are all decayed in venerable eld.

XI.

“ How different these sad ruins and old mountains
From the wild beauties of my western home,—
The woody valleys, and the virgin fountains,
Where did my unreflecting childhood roam,—
Where lofty forests spread a leafy dome,
’Neath which I wandered with the birds and
flowers,
Nor dreamed of lands beyond the ocean’s foam,

Where scorching suns would sap my manly
powers.
And life would waste away its unrecorded hours !

XII.

“ And there I traced the glowing dreams of
youth—
Unfounded phantasies of no avail—
And which did perish, when the harsher truth
Of after years o'er dreamings did prevail.
And when I heard some high heroic tale
Of lofty virtue, how I longed to be
Of man's estate that I might wrong assail,
And by such deeds of noble chivalry
Win honorable fame and glorious degree.

XIII.

“ Fair was the morning when I launched my bark,
The sea was smiling like a child asleep,
No jealous cloud a shadow dull and dark
Cast on the bosom of the treacherous deep.
“ Oh ! what a happy course my sail will keep,”
I cried enraptured, “ to the happy shore ! ”
But soon the sky grew black, the waves 'gan leap,
As over hidden rocks and shoals they tore,
’Till wrecked on barren reefs, they left me sad and
sore.

XIV.

“And now I wander on that dismal strand,
Gazing upon that wide dividing sea,
Weeping sad tears upon the thirsty sand,
Sighing to winds that mock my misery.
While many a bark flies past right gallantly,
Avoiding rocks where I was cast away,
With sunlit prow and white sail spreading free ;
While lonely here my heedless footsteps stray
O'er mossgrown rocks, and wrecks fast yielding to
decay.

XVI.

“Myself a wreck among them I behold,
But yet methinks from their remains I might
A ghostly pile erect aloft, to mould
For future mariners a warning sight ;
When, in the gloom of life's tempestuous night,
They see the beacon by the lost upreared,
The dreary pile will urge their timely flight.
Thus may much unavailing grief be spared,
And less hereafter will partake the fate we shared !

* * * * *

XVII.

“Bear, gentle winds, across this summer sea
A wandering minstrel's low and pensive song,

And eke the vow, which he entrusts to ye
For her he loves, upon your wings along;
Say that his heart still beats with love as strong,
And turns to her as pilgrim to his shrine,
Whose thoughts are far from those he is among,
And so shall it beat until it shall recline
In death, and its last pulse in love and truth resign.

XVIII.

"Say how upon a distant shore he weeps
When few would deem the stern dark stranger
weak,
How when his weary midnight watch he keeps,
Her name with sorrow he is heard to speak;
And oft the mirthful throng he leaves to seek
Some solitary spot to dream of her,
Or hide the tear that started to his cheek
When some too potent, secret spell would stir
The memory in his heart of happy things that were.

XIX.

"But thou art gone Ileen!—the best beloved
Of all this bosom held most fair and pure!—
Was thy young heart so soon by sorrow moved?
Or didst thou dread life's trouble to endure
That thou shouldst fly so early to secure
A home within a cloister's sad retreat,
And for long life thy heart in gloom imure?
Oh! such a fate for one like thee's unmeet,
Thou art too young and fair, too beautiful and sweet!

XX.

“O I did love thee ! and do love the still
With all the deep, fond fervor of my heart,
And hope would strive not vainly to instil
A pleasing balm to soothe affliction’s smart,
And for awhile a borrowed joy impart,
To bid me hope some future day might bring
The fond reality, and not depart,
As did my dreams with slumber’s dewy wing
Which over present woe a golden cloud would fling.

XXI.

“But fare thee well ! since thou hast made thy
choice—
And my ideal paintings are a void.
O ! never more I’ll lift my feeble voice,
To sing enraptured of a bliss enjoyed
Ere cruel malice every hope destroyed,
And tore asunder hearts so formed to beat
In love’s communion, with a pulse uncloyed,
And, in themselves, find happiness complete,
Untouched by outer ills and free from all deceit.

XXII.

“So did they go the happy, young, and gay,
Who sported once around the parent knee ;—
Like things imagined, they have passed away

Which fading memory can scarcely see.
Bright Ella!—joyous Mina!—where are ye?
Death has not yet enwrapt ye in the mould,
Then why no answer will ye give to me?
Is't thus religion turns each feeling cold,
Or do your breasts no more the love of sisters hold?

XXIII.

“O God! when Thy pure faith on earth was sent,
That we a life of love and truth might lead,
Was such as this thy holiest intent,
Or has not man departed from thy creed?
Now must the heart's most pure affections bleed,
And each fond tie that binds the soul must sever,
Since dull fanatics sowed the cursed seed,
Which raised dark sorrow in our midst forever.
A woe which to destroy each bosom should
endeavour.

XXIV.

“Down! down presumptuous thought, the grief
that wrings
My inmost soul hath need of little more
Of sorrow's frost to close the gushing springs
From which did once the tide of loving pour!
The wing, that oft hath proudly dared to soar,
Is wrenched, but not yet broken, and again,
Amid its native skies, as oft before,
'Twill rise defiant where no hand can rein
Its flight beyond the reach of mortal pride or pain.

XXV.

“Still have I hoped that time would bring a change,
When I might prove thee all the love I feel ;
But years have rolled more widely to estrange,
And on affection set the burning seal
Of blighted hope. How potent is the zeal
Of enmity ! that tireless will seek
To give a wound no after art can heal,
And sink in sorrow one so pure and weak,
And on the innocent a heartless vengeance wreak.

XXVI.

“Yet tho’ thou art from this fond bosom torn,
All, all the pleasure that it feels or knows
Is centred in thee, and to think and mourn
O’er thee a sweet, sad happiness bestows ;
For recollection a bright picture glows,
And present sorrow vanishes before
The dear remembrance, until it grows
A pleasing certainty, and smiles of yore
Cast on my mind a gleam of joys that are no more.

XXVII.

“But let it be forgotten ! why recall
The past to mock the heart with vanished joy ?
A heart no woe—no danger can appal,
Nor time, nor change, its truthful pulse destroy !

It is enough to feel each pleasure cloy
When present ; O ! then be the past my theme :
And, if my dreams must mix with some alloy,
O ! let it be, as now, some passing beam
Which, as it fades away, will leave of hope a gleam !

XXVIII.

“ Hope ! vain dreamer ! Thou hast hoped too
long !
In hoping, trusting, have thy days been spent.—
Say ! wert thou happy when thy hope was strong ?
And love enraptured to the future lent
Its brightest colors, which thy wishes blent,
As sunrise gives yon crags the hue of gold,
But look at mid-day on the bleak extent
In rugged sternness dreary, wild, and cold.—
Thus hath reality the truth, unyielding told.

XXIX.

“ Hope, Love, and Happiness are merely names
For airy phantoms. Like the glowing west
That lured the child, by its refulgent flames,
To seek the setting sun, a place of rest ;
But, as he onward, with full bosom, prest
He saw the varied glories slowly fade
Till each fair cloud, that late in gold was drest,
Became a sullen mass of gloomy shade,
And what once charmed his eye, his weary soul
dismay'd.

XXX.

“ And I have fought with my own heart, and won,
But still the weakness of a lonely hour,
When I would fain these sad reflections shun,
Doth wring my soul to speak the silent power
Of brooding thought, which, like a ruined tower,
Looming in darkness on a barren coast,
Nor points the trav’ler to a friendly bower,
Becomes, with memory, a beckoning ghost,
Beneath whose gloomy sway my spirit sinks the
most !

XXXI.

“ Thus am I altered by the hand of care,
And sorrow marks me for its victim, still
Do I confront it, nor shall I despair
While heaven nerves the all prevailing will ;
Then let the cup of deep affliction fill,
And I will quaff the bitter goblet dry,
Nor heed the pain with which its poisons thrill—
Then, as I lived, so fearless will I die,
Nor in the pangs of death my life—my love—belie !

XXXII.

“ My Love ! Ileen ! how can I think on thee
Nor feel my bosom swell as if ’t would burst ?
How can I from the dear reflection flee

Which is my purest joy since when I first
Beheld and loved thee ?—'Tis a thought uncurs'd
By bitter retrospection, so I may
Retain thee as my idol, since the worst
Has past, and fondly dream my life away ;
O ! then blame not a heart by fervor led astray !

XXXIII.

“ Would that such dreaming knew no waking !
but

Alas ! I feel the wish is worse than vain —
Wrapt in my soul, from outward vision shut,
I clasp thee to my bosom o'er again
In ecstasy of bliss, untinged by pain !—
Mine is a love that must and will endure
Long as remembrance will thy form retain
And that will be forever ! None so pure
As thou could fill that place, or so my heart allure !

XXXIV.

“ I loved thee deeply—O ! too deep to tell !—
Thou wert the angel of my every dream !—
Thou wert the one who wrapt the spirit spell
Around my being with a golden beam,
Which, even now entrances by a gleam
Of joy ineffable that robes my soul :
For oft in many a weary land I've seen
Thy visioned beauties o'er my senses roll,
Which bound me willingly in bonds of sweet
control !

XXXV.

“ May I not think of thee in this sad hour
When all the promise of my youth has fled,
And, like to yonder lightning-riven tow’r,
I tremble o’er the gulf which holds the dead ?—
Were not our souls in sacred union wed,
Wert thou not mine—my guardian and my
guide—
Who ever on to better objects led ?—
And wert thou not, when severed from my side,
The star that cheered my way thro’ wildernesses
wide ?—

XXXVI.

“ And will I never more behold thy glances
Speaking unutterable thoughts to mine ?—
Nor know again the rapture that entrances,
When kindred spirits lovingly entwine ?—
No ! nevermore !—tho’ I have made a shrine
For thee within my heart (the very thought
Is sin). But yet I never can resign .
That love, which with my being is inwrought,
Till souls by death are born, or perish into naught !

XXXVII.

“ O Ileen ! in that dreadful moment when
Death seemed to clasp me in its cold embrace,

And, looking round on harsh and reckless men,
I sought but vainly for one kindly face.
I closed mine aching eyes once more to trace
Thy memory on my soul, before the breath
Of life would vanish from its dwelling place ;
And then methought there was a joy in death
Surpassing all that mortals know of bliss beneath !

XXXVIII.

“ And I was happy, tho’ I knew I lay
A thing of yesterday upon that shore
Where never sunbeams wake the cheerful day,
And where strange phantoms ever hover o’er.
I felt my doubt and sorrow was no more,
And in another moment I would be—
Nothing, perhaps, like what I was before,—
Gone, like a dewdrop on a midnight sea,—
Lost in the greedy deep’s unknown immensity !

XXXIX.

“ Fast flies the parting day.—What is a day
But repetition of repeated care ?
While some would fain time’s flying wing delay,
And others urge him with imploring pray’r.
I have grown reckless, having ceased to share
The fleeting pleasures of the passing scene ;
And, pausing thus a moment to compare
Myself and what I am, and what I’ve been,
I find the staff is broke on which I thought to lean !

XL.

“ ’Tis midnight now, and o’er the silent hill,
Where calmly rest the fleecy clouds of snow,
The ghostly moon arises pale, and still,
And silv’ry rays of melancholy throw
Upon the bleakness of the scene below.
And I am thinking, Ileen, now of thee,
While unrestrained the tears of sorrow flow,
For time has altered—altered all but me,
Yet am I now no more as I was wont to be.

XLI.

“ But, tho’ I may be altered unto all
In outward seeming, I am still the same
To thee. Tho’ enmity has raised a wall
Dividing us forever, yet thy name
Is written on my heart. Tho’ friends, and fame,
And fortune, be not mine, I still can hold
A purer, sweeter, more endearing claim ;—
I can in dreams thy lovely form enfold,
And on a treasure gaze whose richness is untold !

XLII.

“ They told me thou wert changed, and that thy
cheek
Had lost its roseate hue, and tha thine eye
Was downward cast, and frequent tears would
streak

Their silent way, and oft a broken sigh
Would lift thy gentle heart, where seemed to lie
Some weight of sorrow which was crushing all
The joyous feelings of thy soul ; and I
Was not beside thee to resist the thrall
Of bitter woe that cast upon thy mind a pall !

XLIII.

“But all my thoughts were with thee.—All the toil
Of sleepless nights and dreary winter days
Was borne, that I might give to thee the spoil
My ardent labors won ; and feel thy praise
A thousand wild and sweet emotions raise
Within my bosom, where for long had reigned
Destroying care, which, even now, essays
To crush a feeling never yet profaned,
But still existent bright, unaltered and unstained !

XLIV.

“Thy love did all my better thoughts inspire,
For in thy heart I found a living spring
Of purity, untouched by low desire,
Thou gave'st my spirit this exultant wing
To soar away from every meaner thing,
And, far above the cold and vulgar throng,
Upon a pinnacle, ecstatic sing
Of thee, my proud, tho' melancholy, song
Which thou, perhaps, wilt hear the night wind bear
along !

XLV.

“ And, in the solitude of thy lone cell,
Wilt weep when thinking of the wanderer ;
But if Religion has dissolved the spell,
And I am lost among the things that were,
Then it is time that life should cease to stir
Within this bosom ! On some hostile shore
Let dauntless hearts a soldier's doom confer !—
So let me perish, and be known no more,
For then what I have lost all earth could not restore !

XLVI.

“ Now Dian o'er the distant hill has cast
Her beaming light, and there the lonely cross
Stands—gloomy omen—in the heavens vast,
Reminding my sad spirit of its loss.
Till, stung to madness, I am fain to toss,
Among the tenants of that silent spot,
This weary form, and let the creeping moss
Hide all its agony, and be forgot,
And share with them the bliss of death's enticing lot !

XLVII.

“ Look on this withered form, and on this face,
And on these locks, now prematurely gray ;
How plainly can the least observing trace
The wreck of life—the progress of decay,

That something which we feel but cannot say,
Which makes the heart 'neath some vague
sorrow sink,
Then bids it bound again, beneath the sway
Of a strange impulse ; adding each a link
Unto the line of shades that flit o'er life's dark brink.

XLVIII.

" So pass away accumulating years
In which I've known life's many joys and woes.
Life ! that tempest fraught with racking fears—
That sea whose waters never know repose.
Where some bright goal before us ever glows
Which, as we seek to enter, whirlwinds rise,
Wreck our frail bark, and soon above it flows
Oblivion's dull sea, where buried lies
Each high and burning thought of grand and great
emprise !

XLIX.

" 'Tis morn—the fields beneath the smile of Spring
Are glowing joyously in vernal bloom,
Within the grove the wild birds sweetly sing,
And gentle zephyrs waft a soft perfume,
But my sad heart is wrapt in pensive gloom,
Altho' the toilsome race has scarce begun ;
But shadowed o'er by care, that like a tomb
Encloses withered joy ; the happy sun
May shine upon it, still within all is undone !

L.

“ And so the sun will shine, the birds will sing,
Year follow year unto Eternity,
The glorious seasons in their rounds will bring
The changes that they brought to you and me,
When we, absorbed into the past, will be
Forgotten with the things that went before ;
Alike in love, and joy, and misery,
For the first wave which rises on the shore
Of Time obliterates the footprints that it bore !

LL.

“ When he who loved thee lies in death’s embrace,
And chill the heart to which thou wert so dear,
Perhaps thou wilt his deeds of love retrace,
When recollection bids the past appear.
Ah ! dare I think that thou wilt shed a tear
To moisten what was once impassioned clay ?
In spirit, dearest, wilt thou then be near ?
When all that was of Armand moves away,
Yet waits to clasp thee fondly on time’s concluding
day !

LII.

“ In pompous mockery he may be laid,
By heedless hands, upon a friendless shore,
Far from the cherished scenes and friends that
made

This earth his home, ere life's sad dream was
o'er.

And there, perhaps, companions, who have more
Than others loved him, may inscribe his name,
On which no unavailing tears will pour,
And then forget that such did ever claim
A passing thought for one of light or dubious fame !

LIII.



LIV.

“ Now many a sound of turbulence below,
Warn me my short respite is at an end ;
While yet the clouds retain their sunset glow,
My homeward way I sorrowfully wend.
If it may be a *home* where is no friend,
Where boisterous jollity, and empty mirth
In drunken uproar, and rude discord, blend,
Where better thought has seldom given birth,
In its coarse atmosphere, to things of greater worth.

LV.

“ 'Tis sweet upon a summer eve to stand
Upon Dark Calpè's venerable height,
And gaze upon the scene of sea and land
Which lies beneath thee, in the soften'd light :

When the bright sun, in its descending flight,
Has clothed the Spanish hills in crimson glow,
And the dark shades of fast approaching night,
Enshroud the valleys that are hid below,
And distant mountains far their lengthened shadows
throw.

LVI.

“ While o’er the billows from Levantine seas,
Fantastic clouds along the waters creep,
And the cool breathing of the evening breeze
Brings strange, sad murmurs from the dark’ning
deep ;
And Afric’s cloudy mountains, looming steep
And boldly out against the south’rn sky,
Where weary warriors their watchings keep,
And mellow noises often echo by,
Like to the sighs of those, who there are left to die.

LVII.

“ The thousand sails that swiftly course along,
Unto the distant ocean’s troubled breast,
The boom of surges rising hoarse and strong,
Then moaning softly as if soothed to rest.
The light grows fainter now along the west,
And bugles sing the hour of *retreat*,
And I must answer to the stern behest ;
But thus to wander unto me is sweet,
And Buena Vista’s lights invite my weary feet.

LVIII.

“ I’ve stood upon those boundless fields of snow,
Where not a living thing was seen around,—
And they were lonely. I have heard the flow
Of many waters, with a sullen sound,
When midnight reigned upon the deep profound,
And it was lonely. On the forest land
I’ve strayed—a wilderness without a bound—
And I was lonely—not as now I stand
Alone amid the pomp and noise of cities grand !

LIX.

“ In such I have found solitude, but ne’er
Was I, in life, so utterly alone,
For fancy raised ideal beings there,
And thought erected for itself a throne.
But here I am neglected and unknown,
I have no kindred feeling with the crowd,
By wretched choice among them I am thrown,
To me alike the humble or the proud,—
Unheeded in the mass where life is gay and loud.

LX.

“ My own sweet sister Hettie ! ’tis the hour
Of midnight now, the camp is wrapt in sleep,
And I, to woo its solitary power,
Steal forth, the vigil of lone thought to keep.

These burning eyes are long unused to weep,
But, at thy memory, I feel a tear
Start, all unbidden, from affection's deep,
Fond fountain, yet undried. If thou wert near,
How happy were my days, now desolate and drear !

LXI.

“ And thou, my sister, wept when I was gone—
Dear playmate of my younger, happier day ;
Thou knew'st the errors of the wand'ring one,
Yet did not let thy love for him decay.
False did they call me !—worse they even say,
But thou, my sister, didst not such believe,
For tho' my footsteps have been led astray,
I never did—I never would deceive—
And would not have thee now for one like me to
grieve !

LXII.

“ Oft when I stray along the dreamy shore,
Or climb the hazy mountains, I recall
The happy hours when we wandered o'er
The crags of Flamboro' beneath the tall
Dark forest, or beside the waterfall,
Together sought for nature's hidden lore,
And, hand in hand, found happiness in all
Which she had lavished from her bounteous
store ;—
But O ! since that sweet time, what changes we
deplore !

LXIII.

“ Yes, changes, sister, that have torn apart
Love and affection's dearest, fondest ties,
And left the torn and lacerated heart
With wounds, that never heal until it dies.
Tho' outward looks its feelings may disguise,
And smiles their soft deception use to hide
The pain that darkly in the bosom lies,
And the careworn brow assume a lofty pride,
Tho' peace and hope, within the heart, have long
since died !

LXIV.

“ Such I am now—but let no thought of me
Cast on the summer of thy life a shade—
The world recedes before me, and I see
Naught but a desert, where no path is made.
And I must wander on, till life shall fade
Into the nothingness from whence it rose ;
Then—the last penalty of error paid—
None will—none can—disturb my cold repose—
The mind will be at rest—the heart will cease its
throes !

LXV.

“ And when, dear Hettie, thou wilt hear my name
Spoken amid the scenes we loved so well,

Remember me, as I was then, the same

As one you loved and lost, nor let the spell
Of memory upon thy bosom dwell.

But let my epitaph be written there,
Which, in the characters of love, will tell—

*‘ He sought for happiness, but found despair,
And did, in hearts that love, his monument uprear ! ’ ”*

HIAMORAH.

A LEGEND OF THE THOUSAND ISLES.

'Twas long before the Genoese
Had crossed the unknown western seas,
And found a world of virgin soil
For grasping despots to despoil.
Ere Spaniards sought the Indian shore,
In search of Gold's accursed ore,
When, flying from the sinking wreck,
They built their huts on bleak Quebec.
In ages past ; long, long before
That steep was dyed by hostile gore :
Ere Cartier with his gallant band
Sought Canada the wild and grand ;
And, on St. Lawrence river's bank,
Knelt humbly down his God to thank.

Ere when for greedy lust of gold
The rivers red with murder roll'd,
When the dark Indian, unsubdued,
Roamed thro' his native solitude ;
And in the valley built his tent
Where thought of Whiteman never went.
That in the distant Thousand Isles,
Where lavish nature brightly smiles,
There dwelt a tribe renowned afar
As being terrible in war,
And leagued with spirits that abide
Below the ever rushing tide.
Few were their numbers, but no race
Would dare that awful few to face.
But though in power strangely strong
None ever heard their battle song
Beyond their mystic native isles,
For never had they used the wiles
Of war to seek the overthrow
Of any near or distant foe.
Once, many years before, 'twas said,
A wandering nation did invade
The isolated tribe's domain.
(From lands far to the south they came)
But soon their fate the river told,
As to the distant sea it roll'd,
For tribes that dwelt along its shore
Of the Invaders saw no more.
And, since that time, feared and unknown,
They dwelt unsought, unseen, alone !

The sun had cast his latest smiles
Upon the Lake of Thousand Isles,
And, sinking in his western bed ;
Soft rays of fading glory shed,
While, as the twilight shadows fell,
The passing water's sounding swell
Was mingled with the whispering breeze
That sported in the cedar trees
Which dipped their branches in the stream
Gilt by the days departing beam.
When o'er the wave of darkest blue
There swiftly sped a bark canoe
Unto a little isle that lay
From other groups a longer way ;
Where Wawnewaw, the Island King,
Would often his fair daughter bring,
And listen while she'd sweetly sing
The many wild impassioned lays
And legends wild of other days.

The light canoe had touched the land
When leaping quickly on the strand
An Indian Youth in manly grace,
Whose eagle eye and painted face
Proclaimed him Chieftain of his race,
Stood for a while with raptured glance
To view the grand and far expanse
Of smiling Nature. 'Twas a scene
More like of fairy land a dream,
Than what the dull untraveled mind
Would think in savage wilds to find.

The woody isles on either side
Seemed floating on the summer tide,
While plants that on their surface grow
Confused in gorgeous colors glow
And nod above the margin rock,
And seem the fretful wave to mock,
While far beyond, with boundless sweep,
Spread wild Ontario the deep,
And far along its waveless breast,
From his feet to the happy west,
A path of burnished gold was spread
That to the land of spirits led.
But as he watched, each magic hue
Was fading slowly from his view ;
And then the mournful song he heard
Sung by the lonely evening bird.
But soon another voice awoke
The stillness of the passing hour,
And, with the softest cadence, broke,
Upon his soul with fairy power,
The Chieftain listened to the song
Which now arose with passion strong
Then sank in wailing tones away,
As changed the feeling of the lay.
Wawnewaw's daughter, Meetah, sung
This lay the summer Isles among.

THE FALL OF KING AHDAR.

I.

This river's wide border
Came under the order
Of a mighty marauder
Of southern race ;
Who proud of their power
To make their foes cower,
They sought even our
Bright Isles to deface !

II.

King Ahdar was mighty,
And daily and nightly
With jealous delight he
Would look o'er the wave
Which past him was going,
In loveliness glowing,
In sunlight still flowing
The islets to lave.

III.

So he vowed to invade
And no more he delayed,
But quickly arrayed
His warriors great ;

Those heroes whose glory
In many a story
Of battle field gory
Their foes would relate.

IV.

All danger despising,
Too proud for disguising,
The sun when arising
Beheld them in pride :
Of loss never dreaming,
So proud was their seeming,
Their tomahawks gleaming
Along by the tide !

V.

O ! mad was their daring,
Though war-paint was glaring,
And fierce was the bearing
Of resolute braves
In conquest believing,
Their own hearts deceiving :
While spirits were weaving
Their shrouds in the waves !

VI.

The morn was uncloudy ;
And wildly, and proudly,

Their warwhoops rose loudly
And swelled on the blast ;
But soon was the water
Made red with the slaughter.—
Of thousands that fought there,
That fight was their last !

VII.

The lightning appearing
With fire barbs, steering
Through forests careering
In terrible state ;
Its swift devastation
Was less than our nation
Made wild desolation
Their enemies' fate !

VIII.

And they who that morning
All danger were scorning,
Their bones were adorning
That evening the deep.
Their might and their prowess
In slimy mould now is,
And dreamless each brow is,
Far down where they sleep ! ”

The sun had set, the song was o'er,
The Chieftain left the island shore
And sought the sacred, leafy bower,

Where, 'neath the Minstrel's happy power,
Laid on the flowery turf, he saw
The king and ruler Wawnewaw.
Unwilling to disturb the scene,
He gazed awhile with softened mien,
The lofty savage even smiled
Upon the father and the child ;
Tho' learned in deception's art,
That smile laid bare his secret heart :
A deep fond look of love was there,
And then would come a startling glare,
Like wilder workings of despair.

Upon a large and mossy stone,
Stern Nature's best and flittest throne,
Sat Meetah, with her arms entwined
Around her father, who reclined
His head upon his daughter's breast,
And seemed in sweet content to rest.
While Meetah her wild legend sung,
Soft slumber o'er him gently flung
Its pleasing veil, and as he slept
Her watch of love she fondly kept.
While, stepping from his near retreat,
The youthful chieftain came to greet
The lovely maid, and softly spake,
As if he feared his voice might break
The slumbers of the fierce old king
And on his head a vengeance bring.
" Soft is the voice of Meetah fair,
And waters stop their course to hear

Her sing, and then the conscious waves
Bear the sweet music to their caves ;
Then how could Hiamorah stay
From his loved Meetah long away ! ”
She listened to him, but her face
Of tender feeling bore no trace,
’Twas but a softened look of pain,
As if she strove but all in vain
Some thought within her soul to hide,
But which she could not crush or guide,
Then in low accents she replied.

“ Hiamorah is a mighty chief,
And Meetah’s heart he knoweth well,
But yet he filleth her with grief—

He has not sought the secret spell ;
He knows the Island King has said
That none but one can Meetah wed ;
He who restores at any cost
To Wawnewaw the pow’r he lost.
Tho’ Meetah loves her chieftain’s face
She owes a duty to her race.

When Hiamorah can command
And rule the spirits that now roam
The waves. O ! let him then demand
And Meetah shall be all his own ! »

One look upon the maid he cast
Then silently away he passed ;
And soon, within his light canoe,
Swift o’er the darkening wave he flew.

* * * * *

Upon a rocky isle alone,
Within a cedar thicket shade,
Where never prying sunbeam shone,
The Powah had his wigwam made.
And there, on awful thoughts intent,
His days in solitude he spent :
To him the hunters often came
With offerings of choicest game.
Or ere they sought the red war-path
To free them from the Demons' wrath,
Or give them fortune in the chase,
Or lead their foes into disgrace.
Here often came the black-eyed maid,
With panting bosom half afraid,
To learn, of love, some mystic charms
By which to bring unto her arms
Some haughty youth, who had, of late,
In battle, won a title great.

'Twas in the moon of moonless night
That Hiamorah sought the sage,
To learn by what dark way he might
Wrest from the deep's unwritten page
That secret, which alone could guide
Him to the bosom of his bride.
« O ! Chieftain ! » said the Powah wise,
« A hundred braves before to-day
Have perished in that rash emprise
Then rule thy wayward heart and stay,
Are there not maidens fair as she,
Upon those shores, among these isles,

Who would be proud to wed with thee
And give themselves to win thy smiles !»

« O, never !» Hiamorah cried,
« Care I to win a willing bride
To Meetah only will I wed,
Nor care if all the rest were dead :
« Dead !» spoke the ancient Powah, « Dead !
O Chieftain now the word is said.—
Know'st thou not the prophecy,
Who wins the secret *he must die !* »

* * * * *

The Isles are changed, now winter's gloom
Has slain the summer's verdent bloom ;
The dreary winds, with hollow tone,
Among the leafless branches moan :
And murky clouds across the sky
In shapes fantastic westward fly ;
While every hill and vale below
Lies 'neath a garb of trackless snow.
The river, that once proudly swell'd,
In chilling bonds of ice is held,
With moaning voice it tells its pain,
And strives to burst its bonds in vain,
And there the isles, that late were drest
In all the beauties of the west,
Are sad and silent, and is heard
No more the song of Wakon bird
Beneath the cedars dreamy shade
For all in winter gloom are laid.

Upon his cold and lonely isle
Has Hiamorah stood awhile ;
A strange wild fire fills his eye,
As if his vision could descry
Things in the cedar shadows dim ,
From others hid but plain to him.
He stood as if beneath a spell
While o'er him evening slowly fell.
Tho' o'er his burning brow had past
The cutting frost, and northern blast,
Which howled amid the deep'ning gloom ;
Oft bearing on its wings the boom
Which echoed, long the shore to tell
Another sylvan monarch fell,
While wildly swept the hurricane
Above the bleak, bare, icy plain.
His faithful dog beside him stands
And licks his uncaressing hands,
While muttering an awful spell,
His mantle from his shoulders fell.

« Come blue-eyed beauty of the deep
The isles are wrapt in night and sleep
And Hiamorah's heart is sad
And thou alone canst make it glad,
O ! mighty spirit, deign to hear
A lonely hunter's anxious prayer
Or he must cast his robe aside,
Nor bear again a chieftain's pride ;
Must leave his father's land and roam
Far from his nation's island home,

Thro' hostile tribes to stray unknown,
And like a wounded wolf go steal
To some dark cave to die alone,
Where none for him will care or feel ! »

While speaking thus, he saw afar
A light appear like evening's star,
And, as he gazed with raptured glance,
It moved along the dark expanse.
While as it near, and nearer drew,
Its beauty clearer, brighter grew,
Till, in the midst of flowing light,
He saw the lovely watersprite.
A veil like falling diamonds bright
Hung round her form so fair and white,
Her lovely limbs, of purest mould,
Shone thro' each soft transparent fold ;
Her tresses loose of golden hair
Hung down upon her shoulders bare,
And clung around her heaving breast
Half hiding beauties they caressed.
Gay flowers from the vales beneath,
Twined round her lofty brow a wreath,
Her gentle eyes of azure hue
Such glances on the chieftain threw,
That he dared not to raise his own
To meet the light that in them shone,
But sank upon the frozen shore
The mystic being to adore ;
When a low, sweet voice he heard
More sweet than song of summer bird,

“What would Hiamorah brave
With Nee the Spirit of the Wave ?
But say thy wish, and ere the sun
Has rose, thy mission shall be done :—
I know thy thought, but ere thou’lt ask,
Reflect upon the awful task :
You little know what scenes of woe
And sorrow you must undergo
Ere you return to Meetah’s side,
To claim her promise and your bride !”

“Bright Spirit !” Hiamorah cried,
“Great Queen who rules the mighty tide !
A chieftian’s heart is true and bold,
And feareth nothing to behold ;
If in his soul fear had a trace
He were unworthy of his race,
And dare not hold a Chieftain’s place !”

“Brave hunter pause,” the spirit said,
“Nor seek the awful path to tread.
Return unto the Council place,
Go join thy people, lead the chase,
As was thy wont, nor learn the dread,
Forbidden secrets of the dead !”

“No ! Lovely Spirit,” he replied,
“By what I said I will abide—
One hope I have and none beside,
The chase for me has got no charms,
When forced away from Meetah’s arms.

And never thus I'll seek for fame
Or wisdom at the Council flame !”

“Then follow me,” she said, “and know
The secrets that are hid below !”

The snow and ice before him shrank,
And down amid the waves he sank ;
Far down into the stilly deep,
Where fancied treasures buried sleep.
Strange monsters with dilating eyes
Came round him with a dull surprise,
At seeing living man invade
Their heretofore securest shade.
The hoary slime, by ages saved,
Around the mossy boulders waved,
Where curious things with forms unknown
In many colors round him shone,
And crawled among the sounding caves,
Or sported through the ambient waves.
At length they reached a lonely spot,
The entrance to a gloomy grot,
Where pendent herbage hung a screen
The darkly rolling waves between.
A moment here the spirit staid,
And turning to the chieftain said :
“ Brave hunter, pause before this place,
Thy footsteps thou canst yet retrace,
But once thou art beyond this cave
No hand, save one, thy life can save !”

"No! lovely spirit," he replied,
"By what I said I will abide!"

Then down into the grot they past,
No glance the chieftain backward cast;
When suddenly he felt a change,
To him a feeling new and strange;—
An awful stillness, deep, profound,
Unbroken by a passing sound.
It was a lone and dreary place,
The realms of unvaried space.
There was no life, no light, no air,
No feeling of existence there;
His footsteps prest upon no ground
Nor water, but a gloom profound.
He felt himself sustained and held,
And by a guiding power compell'd—
The grasp of something light and strong
Which bore him high and swift along.
He thought he heard a noise afar,
Like sounds of elemental war,
Which oft he heard the woods among,
Before the mighty tempest sprung.
And oft he thought he heard the flow
Of Telon's fatal stream of woe;
Where many a pale imprisoned ghost
Roamed sadly on the barren coast:
And then he felt a pleasing sleep
In gentle calm his senses steep;
Nor felt, nor saw, nor heard he more
Till, on some undiscovered shore,

He wandered sadly by the side
Of a great Ocean's silent tide.
A light, such as the morning throws
On northern wastes of trackless snows,
Upon that dreary land was shed,
Unvisited save by the dead.
No sun, no moon, appeared on high
To light the far uncolored sky,
Even the waves so cold and deep,
Were sunk in lethargetic sleep.
He looked around, on either hand
High rocks enclosed the pathless strand
Rising precipitous and bare
Far up into the lifeless air.
But in the midst he saw a cleft
As if by some wild earthquake reft—
The opening scarce admitted light
And all beyond was wrapt in night.
That thitherward his pathway lay
He knew, and bent his steps that way.

While, as he neared the cavern rent
O'er which the aged granite bent,
He saw a shadowy canoe,
That o'er the listless water flew,
Within it stood the spirit guide
Whose hand the soundless paddle plied ;
Around him many warriors sate
Who had in battle fell of late.
And, gazing on their war worn forms,
Hiamorah well descried

The painful marks of many storms,
And e'en the wounds by which they died.
As they approached the dreary shore,
Behind them followed many more,
And each canoe within it bore
The like strange inmates as before.
In misty line they did advance,
With draggled plume and cloven brow,
As each canoe would slowly glance
Upon the strand with noiseless prow.
Like them he passed with soundless tread
Upon the path of fear and dread
Where Hobomoko lay in wait
To lure or drag them to their fate.
The light grew faint and fainter still,
He was enclosed by darkness chill ;
Now oft he through the silence heard
A sigh, a groan, a whispered word ;
So long that lifeless stillness reigned
Unusual sounds his senses pained,
And then he heard a wild, long shriek
That concentrated seemed to speak
The agony, the woe of years
Whose sweetest moments were of tears.
Such mad, such deep despair it told,
It made his blood run icy cold,
Then rush in fire to his brain
With sense of most exquisite pain.
Anon he'd hear a weary wail,
As from a wretch for liberty ;
Then loud laments his ears assail,

Then bursts of wild and horrid glee ;
Then sounds he heard as from a strife
Waged madly for revenge or life.
He heard the conquered mercy call
And shuddering knew the Tomhog's fall ;
And forms, he saw, amid the gloom
Like shadows of impending doom.
He clasped his hands upon his face
And flew with terror from the place,
Nor paused till tired he did find
The sounds had ceased long since behind.
Behind he saw the same dark cleft
Whose horrid gloom he lately left,
And, thankfully, his feelings shaped
A prayer for dangers he escaped.
He stood upon a mountain wild
Where rocks confusedly were piled,
With many yawning gaps between,
Down to the borders of a stream
Whose waters, black as midnight, flowed,
On which no wave or ripple glowed,
That beat with sullen sound the rocks
Where mournful Echo sits and mocks.
'Twas Telon—fatal stream of woe—
Whose waters darkly rolled below.

Ere he the dread descent began
His eye o'er all the landscape ran :
He saw the fatal river's tide
The vale of spirits did divide,
Even from where, with headlong force,

It rolled adown the mountains high,
And seemed as if it had a source
Within that pale unchanging sky.
The side where Hiamorah stood
Was coldly barren, void of good,
No tree, no living thing, was there,
Nor western desert was more bare.
Beyond the stream, Oh ! what a change
So beautiful, so calm, so strange,
The sky wore that voluptuous tinge
Like summer evening's sunset fringe,
But so ethereally bright,
This earth ne'er basked in such a light.
No envious cloud obscured its face,
Nor tempest a deforming trace
Left on its deep and clear expanse
Lighted by Areskouï's glance.
Bright, happy birds, on fearless wing,
Rose gladly up to sweetly sing ;
For there no hawk arose to cast
Fear on the dove that fluttered past.
Beyond the river's further shore
The sweetest flowers safely bloomed,
Altho' its constant, dismal roar
So near them in wild anger boomed.
And fields he saw of fadeless green,
Such as before he ne'er had seen,
Where fruitful trees a shelter made
For herds of deer that sought their shade.
And, far away, he saw that sea
Like to the floating atmosphere

Of Heaven's pure serenity,
So softly bright, so deeply clear !
And, floating on its beaming breast,
He saw the Islands of the Blest.
While gazing on each fair retreat
He longed their happy calm to greet,
And in his soul a hope arose,
The secret—death—and then—repose !
But in his mind's enraptured flight
He heeded not the spirit guide
Nee, the lovely watersprite,
Who pensively stood by his side.
Then filmy clouds he saw divide
The Valley of the dead between
As if some envious power denied
To him the beauty of the scene.
It was the spirits' wing whose dyes
Of gossamer o'erhung his eyes,
And kindly shut the scene away,
For thus no longer could he stay.
Then down the drear and long descent,
With bounding step, he quickly went
Nee his footsteps watching o'er
Until he stood upon the shore ;
Hovering o'er him with a charm
That kept him free from every harm.
Unto the shore was moored a bark
To bear him o'er the waters dark,
But, guarding it, with jealous care,
A frighful dog stood threatening there,
Nor club, nor tomahawk had he

To strive with it for mastery,
Yet moved he on to meet the fight :
The monster owned the spirit's might,
And slowly slunk abashed away
By Nee defeated of its prey.
But her power ended here,
No further could she interfere,
For Telon's deadly stream could know
No power but of Manitou.

His nervous hand the paddle drew,
And soon within the light canoe,
With fearless and belabored stroke.
Out o'er the sullen wave he broke ;
But now the river seemed to grow
More loud and furious in its flow,
And oft adown the rapid tide
Forms, he saw, with horror glide
Unto that deep, eternal grave
In which the river poured its wave,
Gazing up, with dreamy stare,
From glassy eyes that looked despair.
Some shrieking, as they passed him by,
" Know, Chieftain, what it is to die ! "
He heeded not, but with his eyes
Fixed on the distant golden skies
With heart more eager, arm more strong,
He urged his tiny bark along ;
And oft he thought he heard above
The furious billows' constant roar,
The welcome song of the spirit-dove

Upon the happy, promised shore.
Then came a sudden, fearful shock
For on a hidden, sunken rock
Was driven his frail, unstable bark,
And swift amid the waters dark
Sank down, and left him on the wave,
Where none could stretch an arm to save,
Or snatch him from the awful doom
Hidden in yon devouring gloom.

The furious billows, high and strong,
Swiftly bore the Chief along.
Tho' oft upon his native shore
The buffeting of waves he bore,
And tost before his brawny breast
The waters that around him prest :
But here his efforts were in vain,
For when almost the shore he'd gain
Some backward eddy cast him far,
With headlong waves again to war.
Now pain succeeds to weariness,
His feeble strokes grow less and less,
Now 'neath the tide he disappears,
And ringing waters fill his ears,
Then, madly struggling for his life,
Renews the long protracted strife.
For life becomes more sweet and dear
As deathly shadows gather near.
But oh ! more sad it is to die
When youth just opening meets the eye
With golden hope, and promise bright—

To sink into the grave and night !
Now fainter, fainter seems to grow
Each desperate but more useless throe,
Till hope his fearless breast forsakes
As wave on wave above him breaks,
Then, ceasing to resist, he goes
With the wild river as it flows !

As swift he passed along, he thought,
A form his failing vision caught
Weeping by the river's side—
Oh ! could it be his promised bride ?
He looked again, yes—there she stood,
Her arms extended o'er the flood,
The tresses of her raven hair
Flung loose upon the barren air,
And oh ! that ne'er forgotten voice,
That oft had made his soul rejoice,
Calling in wild tones of grief
On her lost, abandoned Chief.
But echo only made replies
Unto her loud repeated cries,
As if some mocking fiend were there
Delighting in her mad despair.
With one last effort of his soul
Hiamorah rose above
The sullen waves that round him roll,
Gave one last look upon his love,
Then sank amid the rushing tide—
Lost forever to his bride !

PART SECOND.

Once more o'er the Lake of Thousand Isles
The gladsome spirit of Summer smiles,
The cedars nod o'er the laughing stream
Where, down below, is darkly seen,
With many gems of fairer sheen,
Their wavering outline, like a dream
Which to a wanderer restores
The welcoming light of loving eyes ;
Whose glance of joy to his replies,
But ere he feels its bliss it flies,
Like the rosy tint of the sunset skies,
Which losing again he deplores.

One isle alone no Brave's canoe
In search of game e'er wanders to,
The doe may there her younglings bring,
There undisturbed the wild bird sing
Secure from twanging bow.
For this was Hiamorah's isle
Ere Meetah with ambitious wile
Did the hunter's heart beguile,
And filled the tribe with woe.
For long they sought their youthful chief,
And deep, and lasting was their grief
When frozen hard, with ice around,
Upon his cloak, his dog they found.

Poor faithful brute, his master came
No more to light the wigwam flame
For their accustomed meal ;
And so his lonely watch he kept
Till cold o'ercame him, and he slept
A sleep he could not feel,
But woke to seek his master's hand
Among the isles of spirit land.

All undisturbed his wigwam lay
Since that unhappy, fatal day,
And where the Chieftian spread his mat
The lizard crawled in slimy fat,
And sun, and rain, and storm
Beat on his desolated hearth,
O'er which arose no sound of mirth,
Or any human form.
His tomahawk, by moss o'ergrown,
Unheeded on the earth was thrown
Beside his eagle plume ;
The well-earned trophies of the chase
Were fallen from each honored place
And lay about the room,
And over all and everything
The raven croaked and flapped his wing.
The Hunter's home was desolate
And shunned by all his race,
It seemed that his mysterious fate
Still hung about the place.
A solemn air of loneliness ;
E'en shadows in the dark recess,

By tangled branches made,
Seemed forms of an unnatural mould,
And many a hunter brave and bold
Would feel his blood run quick and cold

If there his bark had strayed,
And quickly ply his ready oar,
To hurry from the haunted shore,
Tho' he in war and storm before
Had never been afraid.

* * * * *

Softly still the stream is flowing,
Summer winds are gently blowing,
And the summer sun is glowing
Brightly in the west.

But he seems to linger softly
O'er the pine trees dark and lofty
Ere he sinks to rest,

As if a parting glance to shed
Upon a lovely maiden dead,

O'er whom he often cast a smile,
And robed in many a golden beam

When, upon her native isle,
She sang and sported by the stream ;
Knowing not the cares that follow
After hopes, as vain as hollow,
Nor the trouble, grief and sorrow,
That would come and blight the morrow.
Little knew she of that day,
Angel spirit,—form of clay
Born to die and pass away.

Spirit struggling to clasp
Things beyond a mortal's grasp,
Vainly beats its prison walls
Till o'ercome by death it falls,
Seeking then that shoreless sea
Called by man Eternity !

The lovely Meetah was no more ;
With sorrow deep and anguish sore,
She had waited by the shore.
Watched and waited, as the flame
Lit within the sacred fane,
Constant, swerveless in its light
Thro' mid-day glare and noon of night.
Nor did that lamp more constant burn
Than she did wait her love's return.
But when the winter long and chill
Had passed and he was absent still,
Her haughty bosom learned to know
Of blighted love each bitter throe,
And feel what deep, heart-breaking pain
It was to love and love in vain !

The Spring time came, but she was changed,
And from her former haunts estranged :
No more o'er laughing waters flew,
With fairy speed, her bright canoe.
And she, whose voice was often heard
More joyful than the morning bird,
With altered tones could scarcely sing
The evening anthem for the king.

Save when some passing hope would rise
The tears would leave her drooping eyes,
And 'neath its sweet impulsive sway
She'd pour her wild untutored lay.

MEETAH'S SONG.

Oh ! why, pretty birds, do you wantonly sing
On my silent and sorrowful isle,
All joyous and happy ye come with the spring,
But go when the skies cease to smile ?

Do you see not the shadow that lies at my door ?
I pray you gay mockers to flee—
There is sunshine and flowers on many a shore,
And leave this sad island to me !

Or lend me your pinions, oh ! bright little dove,
And far o'er the water I'll fly,
To seek Hiamorah, my long absent love,
And find him, or for him to die !

Ye hear, but ye heed me not, beautiful birds—
Oh ! why happy things do you stay ?
Seek him and tell him my sorrowful words,
Fly away ! Fly away ! Fly away !

* * * * *

The sun arose one lovely morn
And saw the aged Chief forlorn
Kneeling bow his haughty head,
And with a father's anguish shed
Big tears upon his daughter dead.
The one last scion of his race—
Inheritor of all his fame,
Queenly form and angel face,—
Now all nothing but a name !
Thou ! Chieftain, weep ! who didst behold
Thy hunters laid in bloody mould !
Who with thy mighty single hand
Oft kept at bay the hostile band,
Who often placed thy Oval o'er
The conquered foeman's wigwam door !—
Thou weep to see this fragile flower
Plucked haply in a joyful hour.
Cease ! Wawnewaw, O, cease ! to weep,
Death at the worst is but a sleep.
Far in the nightless, calm south-west
Thou soon wilt join her and be blest :
Far better is thy nation's fate
Than other tribes that linger late,
To see their best and proudest braves
Led captive as a stranger's slaves.
Then dry, O ! chief, those heavy tears,
Thy warriors' canoe appears :
Let them not know a father's grief
Could draw a tear from such a chief !

* * * * *

Now, while the sun descended low
In dazzling beauty, fading slow,
Among the islands, far along,
Arises Meetah's funeral song,
It was a wild and plaintive wail
Borne sadly by the evening gale,—
Sounds that the fairest scenes oppress
With strange and undefined distress ;
Which hath a melancholy power
In fairest garden's sweetest bow'r,
In day's most bright and cheery hour.
Such was the sound, oh, fair Ileen !
Which came thro' Oakland's vale of green,
Presaging, with prophetic truth,
The grief that seared thy happy youth,
And with a long, unbroken gloom,
Obscured thy beauty in its bloom ;
And while beneath its pensive spell,
Thou wepst, for what, thou couldst not tell.
How sad the memory has come
To me of that too happy day—
An exile, far from thee and home,
So lonely, and so far away !

A white canoe with flowers laden,
First bore the body of the maiden,
Arrayed as for the bridal dance,
So fair, she seemed but in a trance,
Although her pulse was stilled in death,
And pale her lips and hushed her breath,
Her form retained still the trace

Of many a sweet endearing grace,
Which did in life so brightly shine
To make the maiden seem divine ;
As if some power to her had given
The native attributes of heaven.
Nor shall the greedy, earthly worm
Ravish so beautiful a form,
Nor maggot's slimy jaws devour
The graces of so fair a flower ;
For here, beneath the smiling wave,
Will Meetah find a happy grave.
Where gentle spirits of the deep
Their vigil o'er her couch will keep.

Slowly, slowly, following
The bark of Wawnewaw the king,
The Island Tribe came sorrowing.
Their light canoes in line extend,
And far among the islands wend ;
While as the funeral notes arise
They each in turn catch up the strain,
Till every rocky isle replies
The sounds of sorrow back again.
As o'er the stream they passed along,
'Twas thus they sang the Funeral Song.

MEETAH'S FUNERAL SONG.

Gone to the Spirit Land,
Where the good and noble stand
Forever !

On that undiscovered shore,
She will meet to part no more,
Lov'd ones who have gone before,
Forever ! Forever !

Gone from her island home,
Where in life she lov'd to roam,
Forever !
We will miss her joyful song,
When the laughing maidens throng,
On the summer evenings long,
Forever ! Forever !

Gone from her father old,
She is silent, pale and cold,
Forever !
But the spirit that had shed
Light and beauty now has fled,
Leaving but a ruin dead,
Forever ! Forever !

Gone from the things of earth,
From the song and dance of mirth
Forever !
To where the lovely never die,

And the light that fills the eye,
Burns for all eternity,
Forever ! Forever !

Gone at Ariskoui's call—
As behind the forests tall,
Forever !
Sinks the gentle evening star,
With no cloud its light to mar,
Beautiful and fair and far,
Forever ! Forever !

Gone to Manitoulin's isle,
Where the sun delights to smile,
Forever !
She will be a happy dove,
Every care and fear above,
In the light of endless love,
Forever ! Forever !

Gone all her gentle ways,
Stricken in her youthful days,
Forever !
Long we'll watch the spirit stream
Glide ere such another beam,
Will upon the wigwam gleam,
Forever ! Forever !

Gone from all that held her dear,
As the flowers disappear,
Forever !

Passing from us every day,
To a better land away,
So the loveliest decay,
Forever ! Forever !

Gone never to return,
Then for her we will not mourn,
Forever !
For we known she is at rest
In the Islands of the West,
Bright, and happy, pure and blest,
Forever ! Forever !

The eve had deepened to twilight,
That gentle time preceding night,
Before the gathering shades begin
To hide a world of grief and sin.
But then it was a different land,
To what now meets the traveller's eye,
All undisturbed, and wild, and grand,
It bloomed in native majesty.
When rested Meetah's death canoe,
Upon the river cold and blue,
Above that dark unfathomed place,
Where lie the dead of all her race,
The mourning tribe a circle make,
In silence round the Spirit Lake.
Then rose the ancient Powah chief,
Whose councils wise e'er found belief,
An aged and venerable seer,
To whom all mysteries were clear.

He o'er the corse inspired hung,
Then high aloft his arms he flung,
And thus his incantation sung.

INCANTATION.

Dead of our Fathers, who ages unknown
Have slept in the waters unyielding embrace,
Receive to your bosoms a child of your own,—
A maiden, the fairest and best of your race !

To ye we return her as pure as she sprung
From the land where the spirits of beauty abide,
In the pride of her loveliness, happy and young,
We resign her, with sorrow, to rest by your side.

Ye waves that roll on to the ocean of death,
Where no star points the way for the hunter
to go,
Bear her gently along thro' your caverns beneath,
And murmur more softly as with her ye flow.

Like a flower that's plucked from the stem in its
bloom,
And cast on the water, our Meetah behold ;
But never that water enclosed in its tomb
A flower of sweeter or lovelier mould !

Ye demons that long were the slaves of her race,
Flee far from the path that her spirit must tread ;
While beings of beauty with guarding embrace,
The light of your brows on her weary way shed !

Souls of her fathers prepare her retreat,
Of the downiest moss be the couch of her rest,
Spread the ripest of fruit and the daintiest meat
That is found in the gardens and isles of the blest.

Ye spirits of forest, of water, of air,
Protect her upon her lone journey to-night,
Till she passes the valley of death and despair,
And Great Manitoulin bursts full on her sight.

Hobomoko afflict not the child of our love,
And to thee we will offer the best of our store,—
O ! swift be her flight as the wing of a dove
To its nest, which the vulture is hovering o'er !

And Thou Ariskoui, our God, and our Chief,—
Great Spirit of beauty, of love and of life !
Thro' the valley of shadow defend her from grief,
Till she rests in thy presence from sorrow and
strife.

He ceases—slowly through the wave
Descends the tiny bark,
And soon above the maiden's grave
Roll on the waters dark.
Then every funeral canoe

In silence turned away,
There many a brave and fair they knew
All cold and lowly lay.
'Twas night, and on the woody shore
The whippoorwill did sadly pour
Its oft repeated, pensive song
Thro' nocturnal hours long,
And the night winds murmured softly
Thro' the pine trees dark and lofty ;
Hearken ! how they sigh and groan
With a strange, unearthly tone,
As if banished spirits there
Told their sorrow and despair,
Mourning in the gloomy shade
Of the overarching glade.

* * * * *

In deepest gloom the night descended
On mountain, isle, and river,
As home the mourning nation wended
From where, in death, forever
They had laid their fairest child,
Deep in waters cold and wild.
And that moaning water only
Broke the silence deep and lonely,
As if they sang a requiem
In answer to the funeral hymn.

Far in the distant northern sky
Arose a fair, pale light on high
In waving flashes springing, strong

Upon the heavens far along,
Until a mighty arch it glowed,
Of lambent flame, that surged and glowed.
While far beneath its spreading sheen
Mountain, isle, and lake was seen
Spread in misty gloom around
Without motion, life or sound,
Save the rushing of the river
Flowing darkly on forever.

Upon the Council Island stood
Wawnewaw, with his tribe around,
Before him rolled the mighty flood,
Above him waved the forest wood
Whose mystic shadows seemed to brood
In darkness awful and profound.
The Council flame was burning bright,
And fitful gleams of lurid light
Were cast into remoter shades,
Like spirits flitting thro' the glades
Unbroken by a sound.
Still that strange light which filled the north
Was spreading brighter, farther forth,
Until a mighty canopy
Of flame it overhung the sky.
In silence round the council flame
Each warrior and hunter came
All with the trophies of the fight
And of the toilsome chase bedight
And painted with the war paint bright
In grim and wild array,

All gazed upon their ancient chief,
No longer bowed by care or grief.
He stood erect, apart, alone,
Where full the blaze upon him shone,
His gaze upon the sky was thrown,
His thoughts were far away.
Then turning to his tribe around
His voice did thro' the isle resound,

“Once more,” the Island King exclaimed,
“O! Sachmas ever just and wise,
And warriors brave, and hunters famed,
I call ye to an enterprise!
Great Manitou is angry now,
And turned from us—his chosen race—
With midnight he has clothed his brow—
And from his people hides his face!
How many weary moons have past
Since Hiamorah from us fled,
And every moon that went has cast
O'er us the shadow of the dead!
Stand forth! O, Magasaugatee!
Great Medicine we call on thee!—
Old Powah of the isles arise,
Thou healer of the hunter's pain,
Did Hiamorah win the prize,
Or did he die, and die in vain?”
Scarce had he ceased, when silently
Came forth the Magasaugatee.

Of giant form the Powah stood
Like an oak of his native wood ;
Clad in a robes of bear skin black
That, falling from his breast and back,
Swept to his feet and lay around
In massive folds upon the ground.
While o'er his face a mask he wore
Which from some strange wild beast he tore ;
And from his sunken eyes outcame
The lightnings of a hidden flame,
While o'er his brow of awful glooms
Waved darkly many sable plumes.

“ King of the Isles ! ” the Powah spoke,
And when his voice the silence broke
Each hunter sprang as if he heard
Some mystic being speak the word.
“ King of the Isles, at thy command
I'll call from out the spirit land
The awful shape of Powahkee,
And he will answer unto thee.”
Then strode he to a rock that stood
Alone and high above the flood,
And loudly spoke the dreadful spell
Which could the demon powers compel.
When ceased the Powah chief, the wave
Grew turbulent and 'gan to rave,
And heave, and leap upon the shore,
And like a wounded beast to roar ;
While slowly from its angry throes
The form of Powahkee arose.

Far to the sky its shadow past,
A shape of terror, dim and vast,
While, as from out the clouds it spoke,
Its voice like dying thunder broke.

“Thy dread command I must obey—
What would you have, O ! Chieftain, say !”

“Did Hiamorah the secret attain
Or did he perish and perish in vain ?”

“Listen !” thus the shade began,
“Child of earth and water, Man :—
Thy Hiamorah won the prize
And now he is in Paradise.
Great power in thy race shall dwell,
Thine shall all other tribes excel
Until, from out the eastern sea,
A bearded warrior shall rise,
Whose brow as white as snow shall be,
And like the heaven’s blue his eyes.
Power shall never pass away
From thy people till that day !—
Behold !” and at the loud command
They saw a cloudy, pointing hand
The northern arch of light divide,
Discovering a valley fair,
With Meetah seated by the side
Of Hiamorah happy there.
Gay trees above them spread a shade,
Of softest leaves their couch was made,

The fairest flowers round them sprung,
The brightest birds above them sung ;
And lovely beings often came
To them with sweetest fruit and game.
Here at last they've found their rest
For faithful love is ever blest !

MALTA.

“But not in silence pass Calypso’s isle.”

—Byron.

O! bella fior del mondo! to-morrow (1)

I’ll leave thee to follow the path of the sun,
No more to return, yet departing in sorrow—

The stranger may go as the stranger hath done.
I’ve met the hot breath of the scorching siroc

As I guarded thy ramparts that frown on the sea,
I’ve lain ’neath the shade of the vine covered rock

Weaving bright fancies of glory and thee.

But now another takes my post

Upon thy lofty walls,

And I no more will wake the ghost

That haunts thy ancient halls.

No more my feeble voice will wake

The spirit overcast,

That broods where dusky shadows rake

The embers of the past.
Their fears, their tears, their years,
Are yet untold ;
The must, and dust, and rust
Their armour mould.
St Elmo's walls still domineer (3)
The blue divided water,
As on that awful night of fear
They loomed above the slaughter ;
While in their crumbling breaches stood
Each knightly vowed defender,
Baptising with the heart's best blood
That post, nor would surrender !
But now within
I hear the din
Of revelry and laughter,
From those who live
Their day nor give
A thought unto hereafter.
It may be good,
For O ! why should
We toil and suffer daily ?
Could songs and wine
Kill thoughts like mine
O ! would I not live gaily !

St. Angelo in maiden pride
Frowns with a front unshaken, (3)
O ! what a deep memorial tide
Those gray old ramparts waken
The lofty shade of old Vallette,

L'Isle Adam sad and tearless,
Cassiere broken hearted, yet
In age and sorrow fearless! (4)
His shade may weep
In that high keep
For virtue long departed;
When knights who wear
The cross can dare
Be cruel and vile-hearted.
I look on the crosses
Cut deep in the wall, (5)
That tell of the deadly
Encounter and fall:
The gloomy Stretta
Where fierce *vendetta*
In bloody anger assuaged its hate:—
Their doom was written,
And they were smitten
In their greatness by the hand of fate.
And now their glory
Is but a story
Of things forgotten that were once so great.

The Holy City's keys still hang
In San Giovanni's shrine, (6)
While hearts and hands that guarded them
Below in death recline.
Tread softly, for you stand upon
The dust of mighty men!—
Earth, sanctified by such, will ne'er
Behold their like again.

O, heroes of the Cross ! how great
Your lives, your fortunes, and your fate !
And those that mighty d'Aubisson
Held with unshaken trust,
When Rhodes defied the Moslem pow'r,
A useless treasure rust
Before the silver gates that ne'er
Are opened but for holiest pray'r,
The iron faces of the dead
Look down the silent aisles,
Stern, as in life, each lofty head
In seeming scorning smiles
On such as we who come and go,
Like fools who gape upon a show.
The highest glory filled their day
These monuments can tell :—
Kneel scoffer, if you can, and pray
That you may do as well !

I stood one day upon the wall
That crowns the bleak Salmone, (7)
And, with the wind, heard voices call,
In weird and awful tone ;
And from the valley far below
A mocking answer came,
It was not spoken—but I know
Its meaning all the same.
It might have been the voice of her
Forsaken ages past—
The lost enchantress may confer
Her sorrows to the blast.

Below where those bright waters smile
The great apostle's bark
Was driven, when this barren isle
Was wrapt in tempests dark.
His shrine is standing by the sea,
To which comes many a devotee.
Behold those Christian drunk with wine
Who revel near the sacred spot,
The history of things divine—
The saint—their faith forgot!
Are they deserving of the grace
To know his word—to see this place?

* * * * *

Old Notabile stands upon a hill (8)
With Olive groves and vineyards at its base,
Its lofty walls, half ruined, beareth still
Of siege and battle many a cruel trace.
The centre of this lovely isle,—
The home of song and story,—
Whose tranquil beauty seems to smile
Forgetful of its glory.
Deserted streets of marble halls,
And temples grand and olden,
Where startled echo's rarely calls
Strange sounds thro' sunlight golden :
High convent walls in ivy wrapt,
Shrines of our blessed lady,
In melancholy silence lapt,
In lanes with cypress shady.

And now and then
Queer aged men
Pass where the bastions moulder,
And seem to me,
So strange they be,
Old as the place or older.
And carved in stone above each door
Is many a knightly crest,
That flamed in hostile fields of yore
Are now the sparrow's nest.
The winged hand still grasps the sword
Before the ancient palace ;
In dungeons underneath is stored
Verdala's burning chalice.
And Bellflorè's ruined wall
Frowns on the peasant's labor,
While from its brow strange echoes call
Of song, and pipe, and tabor.
Oh! what a host of shadows wait
Before yon dark unopened gate ;
Heroes from the east and west,
In their iron armour drest,
The white cross gleaming on each breast ;
Stern warriors of the cross are they—
Those shadows of a former day !

But hark !
It is dark—
The bells are all tolling,
While, up from the Levant,
The night cloud is rolling.

O, those bells! those Malta bells, (9)
Loudly, wildly ringing,
High their deaf'ning chorus swells,
Strangest medlies singing.

Now higher, higher,
The iron choir
Like tongues of fire
From earth ascend;
The wide air beating,
Their notes repeating,
Like spirits meeting
They rise and blend!
Now coming softly
From belfrey's lofty
Sweet silver voices float thro' the gloom,
Then, loud as thunder,
From Cassels under
Rush sounds of wonder
As if from the tomb!

They cease, and slowly from afar,
Where Dhingli's vale reposes,
I hear a voice and see a star
That beams on paths of roses;
But "the silver chord is broken,"
And the night will give no token
That can lead me thither—
Soon the flowers I have cherished,
All neglected, will have perished,
And forgotten wither.

Never more my steps will linger
Near that glad retreat,
Where a certain lovely singer
Singeth very sweet.

For me no more that star will rise
So brightly in the eastern skies
To guide me unto rest,
For when descends another night
O'er ocean I will urge my flight
Far, far unto the west !

LINES ON LEAVING CANADA.

Farewell, dear Canada, a last farewell !
Thou tender mother of a wayward child ;
In agony the parting tear doth swell
At leaving scenes that oftentimes beguiled
My overladen breast, and sweetly smiled
Away my grief, and soothed me to repose ;
Farewell ye beauties of my native wild,
The forest glens, the mountains clad in snows,
The bright and boundless lakes that mighty vales
enclose !

But I must leave those scenes, so dear to me
By many a sweet and sad remembrance ;
But whither will my weary spirit flee,
Or whither turn my satiated glance ?
Where will I lay my head to court the trance
Of sweet forgetfulness ? Is there a place
Beyond the power of malignant chance—

Some isle unknown, untainted by the trace
 Of human baseness that remains to man's
 disgrace ?

My country ! rugged nurse of dauntless souls,
 Free, wild and beautiful. Now must I stray
 Afar from where my native water rolls,
 To foreign climes, for many a weary day ;
 But thought delighted often will array
 Thy sunny hills in many a glowing theme ;
 And on the gale will rise the wanderer's lay,
 When lonely he will strive to catch a gleam
 Of joys which are to him but shadows of a dream !

Farewell, my friend, who ever kindly sought
 To cheer my weary days and nights of toil
 With feelings wealth or power never bought,
 Nor hate, nor envy ever could despoil ;
 Yes, Cleon, thy firm heart couldst ever foil
 The meaner shafts of malice, and remain
 True to thy friend, nor let suspicion soil
 Those feelings that united us through pain
 And pleasure that has passed, but left us still the
 same !

Farewell to ye, I fain would dwell beside,
 Could I but make my weary heart forget,
 And with ye down life's current gently glide
 Unpained by sorrows that awake regret,
 As unavailing as 'tis deep ; but yet
 I would not leave ye with an angry brow ;

For, tho' my faults are manifold, the debt
Of love I will repay, and oft, as now,
To sweet remembrance this aching head will bow.

Thou first bright vision of my hopeful youth,
To thee how can I speak a last adieu ?
When will I find again such love and truth
As in those happy by-gone days I knew ?
Enough—Farewell ! Why waken ? why review
The gloomy retrospect of pain and wo ?—
Those thoughts like ivy round a ruin, grew
Into my being, though around it blow
The raging storms of life that no cessation know !

A last farewell ! I will forget it all—
To stormy scenes and distant lands I fly—
The streams, the rocks, the haunts of old recall
What must not be remembered—I will try !
And if upon the battle field I die,
There's few or none to mourn my early doom,
No tear for me may dim affection's eye ;
Uncared I'd fall, and sink into the gloom
Which shrouds that sweet repose found only in
the tomb !

LINES ON ARRIVING IN CANADA.

Once more upon my native land ! once more !
 O, happy hour ! heralded on wings
 Of light and joy, all eager to restore
 The wanderer to unforgotten things !
 See what a halo from the mountain springs,
 As if some God behind the purple line
 Of those dark woods his shadow eastward flings,
 While singing welcomes thro' the branching
 pine,
 To one long loved and lost who comes across the
 brine !

Hail ! Hail ! my country ; I have wandered far
 Thro' lands that glory in a cloudless sun,
 But turn I now unto the northern star
 Beneath whose ray my dream of life begun,
 And, while I gaze where thy wild waters run,
 I see each brave old landmark on the shore

Which shows the wilderness from nature won ;
O ! I could gaze until my bosom's core
The impress of the woods, and streams, and moun-
tains, bore !

I left thee years ago when I was young,
Thinking my fate was never to return,
Bowed by strange sorrow, yet the parting wrung
From me a wild farewell ; and I did yearn
While blinding tears my blanching cheeks did
burn,
E'en while the ship was bearing me away,
For oh ! I felt that parting, coldly stern,
Bade dreaming youth depart from me that day,
Then like a frightened thing my spirit fled astray !

In eastern lands the eyes were darkly bright
That shone on me, nor shone they all in vain,
For who would turn from genial day to night,
Renounce a pleasure to endure a pain ?
But with what transport did I hail again
The lovely daughters of my native land
Fairest of all, so ever will they reign
Within my bosom, in supreme command,
While love is in my heart, or life is in my hand !

O, Canada ! my native land thou art
Like a young Titan in the giant spring
Of thy wild youth. Let anarchs seek thy heart
To pierce with poison that can have no sting
For one like thee. Faith, valor, virtue, bring

A crown from many nations unto thee !
 Be firm and true, and high thy banner fling,
 Then thro' the future wilt thou ever be
 The chosen land of peace, and love, and liberty !

And, should a foe again our shores profane,
 We, who of war have learned the horrid trade,
 Will march unconquered to the field again—
 The firm red line that never was afraid.
 And when our flag is to the breeze display'd
 E'en as our fathers fought we too will fight,
 And never will invading foe degrade
 That symbol of our glory and our right,
 For we are men who know our duty and our might !

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

As o'er the page of vanished years we gaze
Recalling scenes and faces once so dear,
And memory with softening hand portrays
Each form that fancy bids again appear ;
We shed affection's tributary tear,
When some dear name more cherished meets
the eye,
And one that bore it is no longer near,
But yet what distance can divide the tie
Which binds such kindred souls as to each other fly ! .

Within this shrine will friendship leave the trace
Of the heart's promptings which no after wo
Can ever from Remembrance fond efface.
No matter where thy wand'ring steps may go
These treasured pages will a radiance throw
Around the past, containing as they will
Hopes and professions, oh ! may they not show

How Friendship never does its vows fulfil,
And warmth of words contain no corresponding
thrill !

How sweet it is, when years have past away,
To turn with retrospective glance and view
The happy traces of a former day,
And think of those we loved and those we knew
In life's proud opening prime ; and so pursue
The chain of recollection till we find,
With saddened hearts, how altered and how few
Are those revolving years have left behind,
Who once around our hearts with fond affection
twined !

But O, dear lady ! may it never be
So proved to thee, but may each hour tend
To make all earth more beautiful to thee,
May Heaven o'er thee its right arm extend,
And thy pure heart from sorrow's shafts defend,
And shed on thee its blessing and its peace ;
That thou mayst find a never swerving friend,—
May every day behold thy joy increase,
Until thy heart, unwrung, its happy pulse will
cease !

ONTARIO.

Written in Malta.

The sun is brightly glowing
Upon the midland sea,
Whose limpid waters flowing
A mirror are for me.
As in its deeps I'm gazing
My thoughts will backward go,
Sweet memories upraising
Of bright Ontario.

Now dreams of love entrancing
Recall each happy scene,
Where the bright waves are glancing
'Neath woods of waving green ;
Where pensive cedars bending
O'er shadows far below—
Their drooping branches blending
With bright Ontario.

This is a land of glory,
Its skies are fair and bright,
Oft sung in classic story,
And renowned in Christian fight ;
But give me back the wildwood,
Where dashing torrents flow,
Where sprung my happy childhood,
By bright Ontario !

I see amid the bowers
Of vines and stately trees,
A cottage clad with flowers,
Whose odors load the breeze.
I see the rugged mountain
And grassy slopes below,
I see the virgin fountain,
And bright Ontario.

I see the torrent dashing
Thro' the lonely forest glen,
I see the sunbeams flashing
On the cataract again ;
I see the grove of willow
On the cliff, as long ago,
Where by thy restless billow
Dwelt my love—Ontario.

Oh ! no I am not dreaming,
I see her standing there,
And in her eye is beaming
A love I cannot share !

O ! couldst thou see me, Mary,
Thy gentle heart might know
What pangs of sorrow tear me
Far from Ontario !

I see the moonbeams falling
On a hill o'er the wave,
Where whip-poor-wills are calling
Above a lonely grave ;
There silently is sleeping
A heart that loved me so,
While lonely I am weeping
Far from Ontario.

But hope will bid me cherish,
Thro' all those weary years,
A dream that will not perish,
Tho' often dimm'd by tears ;
But now the whole is tending,
From my wrapt vision slow,
And the wave o'er which I'm bending
Is not Ontario !

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

Farewell, Old Year ! thy latest sobbing breath
Falls on my brow like whisperings of doom ;
Cold, cold and still thy agony of death
Like one who perishes in winter gloom !

O ! heavy is the burthen of thy age,
Well mayst thou pant and stagger with the
weight,
Here, take with thee this darkly blotted page,
Filled with the record of a darker fate !

Sad broken hearts and severed ties are thine,
Sin, sorrow, death ;—a tale of care and woe—
With rifted gleams of glory that will shine
In darkest hours on the faint and low.

Here is a soul-drawn picture of the past,
I traced it fondly when my heart was young,
O ! colors bright, why did ye fade so fast !—
Faint, mocking echo of a song I sung !

Go ! go Old Year, such things may never more
Tear from my heart the armour thou hast lent,
Tho' floating faintly from a far off shore,
I hear a whisper with thy sighings blent.

Hush ! hush ! be still,—the poor Old Year is dead !
While, springing from his ashes, see arise
A being lovely as a spirit led
Fresh from the glow of God's own paradise.

It brings to me a scroll on which is writ
Nor word, nor sign, of all that yet may be,
But o'er the page a shadow seems to flit—
I vainly grasp at what I cannot see !

I see a form—Oh, can it be of earth !
With long dark hair and eyes of wondrous hue,
But robed in black, like one who at the birth
Of sorrow stood and all its anguish knew.

So once again the long deserted halls
Of my dark heart is filling with a light
That softly on each buried treasure falls,
That long was hid by desolation's night.

Then hail, New Year ! for in thy face I read
Sweet hope and promises of future joy,
Delusive beauty, can I—dare I heed
What thou hast shown—perhaps but to destroy ?

I ONLY SING FOR THOSE I LOVE.

I only sing for those I love,
Nor care for praise or blame,
From lips whose smilings only prove
Them heartless, cold or tame ;
But those that love and suffer may
Find solace in my songs,
For only unto such as they
My wild sad strain belongs.

I will not curb my spirit down
To earth or earthly eyes,
Nor hang upon the smile or frown
Of those I do not prize !
I have a kingdom of my own,
The world and men above,
Which is my home—so I alone
Will sing for those I love !

THE MOONLIGHT STORM.

A lovely night ! serenely clear the sky
Spreads its broad arch of blue, filled by the light
Of pale wan Cynthia, who, far on high,
Looks calmly down—the silent queen of night.
The sportive zephyrs kissing, in their flight
Thy pure white brow, dear Mary, seem to sigh
A breath of love, and linger with delight
Around our bower, when thy form is nigh,
As if they fain would bear thee with them as they fly !

But see, my love, upon the fancied bound
Where earth and sky are met, a gloomy cloud
Ascending slowly until far around
Lies 'neath the shadow of the stormy shroud.
Yon sheets of flame how grand, how wildly proud
They cleave the blackness with a livid tongue,
And now the thunders hoarsely roar aloud,
And wilder are the forked lightnings flung,
Which seem to madly sport the distant hills among.

See † raised on high, like a triumphal arch
Based on the mountains that o'erlook the vale,
A spirit rainbow, gleaming o'er the march
Of elemental armies ; while the gale,
Eager the woods and mountains to assail,
Beareth them onward on his rushing wings,
Each flying cohort, wrapt in cloudy mail,
With its exultant swiftness wildly sings
While chaos black behind the whole its shadow
flings !

Still the sweet moon upon us sadly pours
Her light as yet unshaded by the gloom
Of yonder cloud, from whose black bosom roars
The living thunder, as from out its womb,
Springs each wild flash, with every deaf'ning
boom.

The hissing deluge comes—where shalt thou fly
My frightened dove, to 'scape the coming doom ?
No shelter—none—come to this bosom ! I
Will shield my own sweet love from Heav'n's angry
sky !

Yes ! I will guard thee let the thunders peal,
And dizzy lightning its wild course pursue,
For oh ! what transport does my bosom feel
My own dear Mary, when protecting you !
I clasp thee to my bosom, and renew
My plighted vow again, and o'er again,
Amid the scenes my soul delights to view,

And strive to shield thee, nor so strive in vain,
As I would keep thee pure from earth's more blighting pain !

So would I thro' the darker storm of life
Protect thy heart as now I do thy head,
And bear thee scathless thro' the wicked strife,
And scatter flowers where thy footsteps led.
That thou shouldst feel no pang of wo or dread,
But be all that delightful dreams portrayed,
The same bright vision that my fancy fed,
The same dear, beautiful, and loving maid
Beneath whose feet my heart has long in transport
laid.

Peal ye wild thunders ! leap ye lightnings down !
Ye wrathy elements your force combine,
Till trembling earth lies prone beneath your frown
I reck not for your wrath while Mary 's mine !
O ! let me stand like yonder riven pine
Round whose bare head the lurid lightnings
flame,
And 'bout its arms like hissing serpents twine,—
Let me a part of this wild storm exclaim,
For hearts like mine can feel no joy in pleasures
tame !

THE SHIPWRECK.

A mighty ship in majesty
Across the sea was going,
The sun was far upon her lee
In setting glory glowing.
And ever as she sped along,
A thing of life and beauty,
Arose from many hearts a song
Of home, and love, and duty.

And all around the hungry sea
Was treacherously smiling,
All animate it seemed to be,—
Strange, beautiful, beguiling.
Still onward sped the gallant bark
Across the wayward ocean,
Till night descended, cold and dark,
And hid her fearful motion.

High hearts she held within her breast
That beat with hope and daring,
The brother, husband, lover blest,
That lofty ship was bearing.

And high the joyous anthem rang,
"To loving hearts we're flying!"
Ah! little did they dream who sang
Of danger or of dying.

And silence reigned upon the sea
And some were gently dreaming,
While visions fair as fair may be
Upon their souls were beaming.
The brother saw his sister dear
His weary brow caressing,
The husband felt the one most near
Upon his bosom pressing.

The lover claspt his blushing bride
And whispered to the vision
Of years of joy that would betide
In love without division.
When suddenly arose a cry
Of horror and despairing
That rent the gloomy vault on high—
An awful fate declaring.

Around the ship the breakers spring
With voices loud as thunder,
And drooping like a wounded thing
She strikes the dark rocks under.
Deep in ocean's viewless cave
Those gallant souls are sleeping,
And broken hearts with anguish rave,
And loving ones are weeping!

TO CLOTILDE.

— .

O ! let me clasp thee in my arms
Once more, and kiss thy cheek
That to the pressure fondly warms,
Nor deem the feeling weak !
Once more let us in love unite
As oft we did before,
For with the shadows of to-night
Our joys shall be no more.

But not our love—O, not our love !
Tho' far apart we roam,
Our hearts will, like the prisoned dove
Still sadly turn to home !
Thy bosom shall be ever mine
Where I will sigh for rest,
And thine shall ever find a shrine
Within my constant breast !

NOW O'ER THE FOREST WILD AND DEEP.

Now o'er the forest wild and deep,
The shades of evening fall,
The gentle dews begin to weep,
And hollow tones to call
Around the path I sadly tread
Beside the mansions of the dead.

And, laid in murmuring repose,
Beneath Ontario lies
And in its lucid bosom glows
A mirror of the skies.
While to the sound of dipping oars
Soft music swells along the shores.

And all is happy and serene
Save my rebellious heart
That in the calmness of the scene

Can take no kindred part ;—
Consuming with a quenchless flame,
E'er burning fiercely—still the same !

Long years ago I wandered here
And sat beneath this tree,
The scene, as now, was calm and clear
But different seemed to me,
Ah ! then the world looked all so fair
My breast a stranger was to care !

As now, I was not then alone
Those happy summer days,
There was a voice whose gentle tone
Oft sang my tender lays,
And filled my spirit with a joy
Which nothing ever can destroy.

A lovely maiden with me stray'd
Who shared my hopes and fears,
As dreaming fondly we array'd
In bliss our future years ;
But O, reality has wrought
A change that never came in thought !

There was a hand I prest in mine,
A bosom all mine own,
An arm that round my neck would twine,
An eye whose lovelight shone
Things that the tongue can utter not—
And never said, but ne'er forgot !

But I was forced from Minna's side,
And now when I return
I wander listless where she died
In solitude to mourn.
How sad are these green hills and lone,
Since she, the fairest flow'r has gone !

And, when the twilight shadows steep,
My way in lengthening shade,
My lonely watch of love I keep.
Where my lost one is laid ;
And oft methinks I hear her speak
And feel her breath upon my cheek.

But time is gliding swiftly by,
And soon the day will come
When thy sweet soul will gladly fly
To guide thy Willie home ;
And then united we will be
By love for an eternity !

THE NIGHT BIRD.

Down where the cedars are bending,
Down by the side of the river,
Where the dark waters are wending
Their way to the ocean forever,
One night I heard
A lonely bird
Singing, O ! so sadly singing,
There was such pain
In its wild strain
So plaintive and so ringing.
I paused to listen and methought
The sounds were into meaning wrought :
While, faint and low
As sobs of wo,
The lone bird kept repeating
The strange refrain
Of its wild strain
Where crowded shadows meeting

Made that solitary grove
Like to a grave of love.

« Rolled, rolled in the greedy mould
That taketh and nothing giveth,
Where, where, in a dumb despair,
No hope of the future liveth ;
Lies, lies, with o'ershaded eyes,
A being of many the fairest,
While, while, like a desert isle,
My bosom the night wind barest.
Strong, strong, is the giant Wrong,
And he mates with a demon cruel ;
Higher, higher, he buildeth a fire,
And human hearts are the fuel ;
Bright, bright, in the morning light,
Beauty and Love came flying,
Laid, laid, in deathly shade
Ere eve they were crushed and dying !
Wo ! wo ! against all below
That liveth and loveth is written :
Life, life, is a bitter strife,
Where the best are the soonest smitten
Here, here, on this hapless sphere,
All that are beautiful perish ;
Hope, hope, hath no wider scope
Than faint recollections we cherish
Earth, earth, had its hour of mirth,
But wo is an old, old story ;
Fast, fast, in the gliding past,
Fleeth our dreams of glory ! »

O hush ! unhappy thing, I cried,
Tho' fate hath left thee naught beside
Hast thou not faith and duty ?
What matters the loss of a toy of clay—
The perishing birth of a perishing day—
Tho' it were a thing of beauty !
Can death destroy
The lasting joy
That springs from a hope immortal,
Or can grieving bring
Thee back the thing
That has past beyond life's portal ?
Still, still, from the grave you fill,
Cometh a voice supernal ;
Trust ! trust in thy God—He is just—
And thy sorrows will not be eternal !

ARISE ! MY COUNTRYMEN, ARISE !

Arise ! my countrymen, arise !
Let no invading foe
E'er desecrate the land we prize,
With misery and wo !
By lake and river's bounding wave
Go meet them when they come,
And only let them find a grave
In Canada our home !

Arise ! Canadians, as before,
In wild, resistless might,
And on your rabble foemen pour
The vengeance of the right.
And let them understand that we
The birthright will maintain,
Of glory, love and liberty
Without a blot or stain !

What know we of their foreign wrongs,—
We've done to them no ill,—
And what by right to us belongs
We'll hold defiant still !
And if unto our happy shore
Should come those sons of shame,
We'll meet them, as we did before,
With battle, death and flame !

Arise ! Canadians to the call
Of duty stern and high !
'Tis great in such a cause to fall,
In such a way to die !
Then onward to the battle field
And let the wretches know,
That Britons and Canadians yield
To no invading foe !

LINES WRITTEN IN MY SISTER'S ALBUM.

Ye tenants of a borrowed clay
Who breathe awhile then pass away,
Forgotten where ye once held sway,
And hidden in the grave !
When prompted by immortal mind
Are fain to leave some mark behind
Which after wanderers may find
Above oblivion's wave.

Upon these pages fondly trace
Those thoughts that nothing may erase,
Nor time can alter nor efface—
The wishes of a friend.
Then take the pen in friendship's glow
And let the heart's emotions flow,
Then on thy steps where'er thou'lt go,
Will memory attend-!

Thus will I leave, my sister dear !
 This, which, when I 'm no longer near,
 Will make the cloudy past appear
 Thro' many bygone years ;
 While I, perhaps, afar will roam
 O'er ocean's wide dividing foam,
 Away from country, friends, and home,
 To wake affection's tears.

May life to thee be ever fair.
 And every day devoid of care,
 And Heaven thy fond bosom spare
 From woes that daily rise !
 And, when the lapse of time will bring
 Life's evening on his flying wing,
 May angel voices gladly sing
 Thy welcome to the skies.

THE LOST SPIRIT.

Now in the solitude of night,
O! tell to me my soul,
Why has that spirit taken flight
Which was to thee thy one delight
Above the world's control !

She came to thee in early life
A spirit all divine,
And often in the headlong strife
Where grief, and woe, and death, were rife,
Her peace was ever thine.

Upon the tempest ridden sea
When danger round thee rose,
She seemed to beckon unto thee
From life to immortality,
From labor to repose.

Among the summer islands where
Perennial flowers bloom,
She sat beside thee ever fair,
And with her songs dispell'd the care
That wrapt thee oft in gloom.

But oh ! my soul, she now has fled
To some more worthy breast,
The happy light her presence shed,
Now gathers round a dearer head
Than thine, O thing unblest !

She was so dear—so very dear
When she was all thine own,
That now, when she no more is near,
No ruin could be half so drear
As thou, poor soul alone !

Shall I again thro' sunny isles
Or o'er the wintry sea,
Or in the halls where beauty wiles—
Where laughing phantoms kill with smiles—
Go seek her out for thee ?

“ O, no ! thou wilt not find her so ! ”
My lonely soul replies,
“ But if thou wouldst the secret know,
Upon some quiet moment go
And look in Mary's eyes ! ”

OFF. CAPE SAN GARCIA.

O ! Sea, thy waves are cold and dark,
And thy voice is hoarse and wild,
And thou dost toss my weary bark,
On which this morn you smiled.
Yes, thou didst sparkle gay and smile,
As if, beneath thy waves,
There lay no victims to thy guile,
In deep and tearless graves.

But yet, O Sea ! I knew that thou
Wert treacherous before
I wrinkled thine inviting brow
With my reluctant oar.
I called thee no endearing name,
Nor praised thee with my lyre,
For well I knew if thou wert tame,
'Twas but with smothered ire.

Then toss O, haughty Sea ! thy crest—
I little reck or care—
I'll slumber calmly on thy breast,
As on a maiden's fair !
In love I never trusted thee,
Tho' o'er thy breast I bend,
For thou art false, O ! angry Sea,
But not a faithless friend !

PSYCOS.

Come, I will tell a tale to thee
Of one—a lonely youth,
Who sought o'er land and over sea
For peace, and love, and truth,
But never could the seeker find
Aught like the form that filled his mind.

He of his heart had made a shrine,
And placed an idol there,
The semblance of a thing divine,
It was so grandly fair ;
Then went he seeking over earth
For one like it of mortal birth.

He wandered far in sunny lands,
And gazed on forms of light,
And often too, among the bands

Of children of the night,
He quaffed that stream across whose tide
No mortal bark did ever glide.

Sometimes he thought his search was o'er,
When on his vision stole,
A form whose seeming beauty bore
A likeness to his soul ;
But soon he found the wished for prize
Was some base spirit in disguise.

For often forms of beauty hold
A spirit dark or vile,
As flows the breath of crystal cold
From where the sunbeams smile,
As those may know who strive to find
The mystery of thought and mind.

So years went by, and still in vain
The youth his search pursued
With thirsting heart and wearied brain,
Oft jostled by the rude
Unworthy beings of a sphere,
Controlled by cowardice and fear.

For he was with, but not of them,
They did not know his ways,
The false might sneer, the cold condemn,
He did not want their praise,
For he had studied from a book
On which they could not hope to look,

Until one day beside a stream
He laid him down to weep,
When o'er him came a living dream
That was not born of sleep ;
He claspt the vision to his breast,
And found at last his home of rest

TO CELESTINE.

My own dear sister ! dearer now to me
When, thro' the vista of departed years,
I gaze upon thee, and methinks I see
Thee in thy youth and loveliness, and tears
Arise unbidden while remembrance sears
My heart with thoughts that never found a
tongue ;
Yet bright to me the vision still appears,
Tho' o'er all else a twilight veil be flung,
In my dark heart thou livest beautiful and young !

The spirit has departed—I can sing
No more the wild aspirings of my soul,
The world hath almost robbed me of the wing
With which I soared beyond its mean control.
Time, dear sister, like a mystic scroll
From which each day I learn a darker lore,

Doth still unto my eyes a page unroll
Of misery and pain, unknown before,
Till, sad and sick of heart, I long to be no more !

Nor blame me for that longing ; I have felt
What 'tis to be an outcast, and to gaze
On beauties that would make the coldest melt
In love and admiration, but their ways
Were far from mine. Ah ! I remember days
When I had but to ope my arms and press
Unto my bosom such as now I praise,
But even were they mine, they could not bless
My heart, nor I return, with truth, their fond caress !

O ! it is sweet to dream of future joys,
And clothe the forms we love in robes of light,
With every blissful hope the mind employs,
To gild a morning in the midst of night.
But O, my sister ! in the weary flight
Of those long years 'tis misery to find
Those hopes deferred, and when, with eager
sight,
We seek the dawn, to feel the darkness bind
The spirit to despair, 'tis then death seems most
kind.

But these are thoughts which haply thou hast
ne'er
Experienced, for thou hast left the scene
Where sorrow, disappointment, hate and fear
Wrestle with wretched man who toils between

The paths of light and darkness which, unseen,
Are still beside him, but he looks afar ;
As one in hopeless love at night will lean
To gaze on some bright, distant, happy star,
And picture scenes of joy which time could never
mar.

But thou dost hear the tramp, the rush, the roar
Of dark humanity's unceasing tide,
Which sweeps beside thee, but affects no more,
The thoughts or feelings of a heav'nly bride.
O ! that I might lie down that stream beside,
No more to buffet with its billows strong,
While, as my ear grew dull, its noise would
glide
Recedingly, a plaintive wail along,
Or echo to my heart the angels' welcome song !

But thus it may not be, yet, ere we part,
O, my sweet Sister ! let me look on thee,
That I may write upon my earth-stained heart
All that I would, and yet I cannot be,
Still I will pray—if pray'rs from one like me
Be aught of worth to one so good and high—
God guard thee Sister until thou wilt see
The portals open in the vaulted sky,
And He shall bid thee rest with those who never die !

ON LEAVING GIBRALTAR.

Sweet Arethusa ! far away from thee,
In mist and storm, from Calpè I depart,
Out o'er the weary waste of waves I flee,
A lonely spirit and a saddened heart.
Night, storm, and darkness, o'er a howling sea,
Peopled with phantoms that to it impart
A likeness to the life which I have led,
And still must lead, till numbered with the dead !

The gloom increases—from the summit high
Of that dark rock which long has been my home,
Peals forth, with lurid flash, a long Good Bye,
Rending the gloom that, like a mighty dome,
O'ershadows mountain, city, wave, and sky ;
O ! never more that welcome sound will come
To me at evening when I seek the grove,
Long sacred to my Mary and to love !

And who was she ? perhaps a phantom grace
Which haunts the thirsting heart and fevered
brain

Of the impassioned who, from place to place,
Wander in search of love they cannot gain.
Such she might be—but I have learn'd to trace
Her image on my heart, and ne'er again
May other forms of loveliness destroy
That which has been my solace and my joy.

But I am now content, if that may be
Content which recks not of the passing hour ;
I laugh in Fortune's teeth, nor care to see
What she may threaten in her baleful power ;
As now through night and rushing winds I flee,
And angry waves, impatient to devour :
Night, tempest, sea, your terrors are in vain
To touch my soul with fear—my heart with pain !

AT LAST.

At last, O Heaven ! has the blow been dealt,
And he is gone forever from our sight—
How deep the anguish for his loss is felt,
And sorrow wraps my spirit in its might
As cold, damp earth enwraps his form to night
With chill, unyielding, sorrowful embrace,
While his free spirit, to the spheres of light,
Hath been conducted by the angel face
Of one who went before to that mysterious place !

My Father ! can it be that thou art dead ?
And that thy heart has ceased its pulse for aye ?
Can it be that thy loving soul hath fled—
That all our love, not even for a day,
Could make thee with thy mourning children stay ?
Dim is thy kindly eye that beamed with joy,
Thy pale, pale lips as cold as churchyard clay,
And still thy heart where never dwelt alloy—
Hold, Death ! thy hand nor yet those lineaments
destroy ?

For I have gazed upon thy face until
Methought I saw it wreathe into a smile,
And those fond eyes again their places fill
And pour on me a look that did beguile
My heart ; for I believed, to fondly wile
Away my grief, thy loving spirit had
Again illumed thy form—the ruined pile
Was filled once more with life and I was glad,—
It faded off and left my heart more cold and sad.

Among the forms that throng upon the glass
Of dear remembrance, I behold but one
Bright form beside thee in affection pass,
Whose course did end in love as it begun.
As valley streamlets unobstructed run
Then noiseless glide into the crystal lake,
Yet on its way had many blessings won ;
So did ye glide thro' life—so did ye make
Your path a joy to those who mourn now for your
sake !

MARY OF CLARE.

Like a vision of beauty
In regions of bliss,
Beheld ere we wandered
Thro' error to this,
Is the sweet recollection
My bosom doth bear
Of a beautiful maiden—
Bright Mary of Clare !

I have seen all the treasures
Which nature has piled
On lands, where for ages
Enchanting she smiled ;
Though peopled by beings
Exceedingly fair,
They had not the equal
Of Mary of Clare.

The sun in its glory
May light up the earth,
And look upon beauty,
And virtue, and worth,
But beside the low alter,
In silence and pray'r
He'll find them the purest
In Mary of Clare !

I have seen the proud lady
A baron hath won,
Whose smile hath the hearts
Of a hundred undone,
But tho' she was lovely,
She could not compare
With the simple excellence
Of Mary of Clare !

Hope fast is decaying
That brightly did burn,
I'm tired of straying
And fain would return
To the home of my spirit
Where, free from all care,
I will meet thee an angel
Bright Mary of Clare !

TO THE GOVERNOR OF THE MOORISH
CASTLE, GIBRALTAR.

The night was silent, dark and drear,
And round the castle old
The wind made whisperings of fear
And tales of horror told;
And brooding shadows lay along
The dark, unquiet deep
Which murmur'd as, with feeling strong,
The dreamer doth in sleep.

But 'twas not night nor mystery
That bound my busy mind,
Nor did I heed the heaving sea
Nor whisperings of wind.
For, wrapt in sweet and pensive thought,
That dreary prison cell
Became a palace, brightly wrought,
For fairest forms to dwell.

And thou it was who gave the night,
By kindly deeds, a charm
Which wakened many a past delight,
And mem'ry dear and warm.
And now, in gratitude I bring—
All worthless tho' it be—
A lowly poet's offering
In gratitude to thee!

A STRANGER STOOD.

A stranger stood by a tideless sea,
His brow was marked by care,
And fitful and wild from his sunken e'e
A restless light would glare.
He watched the sun as it sank behind
The purple mountain zone,—
A picture rose in his troubled mind,
And calm and sweet it shone.

It was many a long and weary year
With storm and danger rife,
Since a boy he shed a parting tear
And turned to meet the strife ;
And since that ne'er forgotten day
A wanderer was he,
In many a burning clime away,
And many a shoreless sea.

Sprite Fancy weaved a potent spell
And bound his senses fast
To fairy regions, wherein dwell
The shadows of the past.
The laughing wavelets kist his feet,
The sunbeams crown'd his brow,
And on his heedless ear the sweet,
Sad vespers sounded low.

When, to the dreaming stranger's side,
There came a lovely maid,
Who, gazing on him, softly sighed
A sigh that might upbraid;
For on that weather-beaten cheek
That never paled with fear,
She saw the sign of feeling weak—
An uncontrolled tear.

She laid her head upon his breast
And claspt him in her arms,
And soothing words to him address,
And spoke of vain alarms.
He gazed awhile with wildered glance
On her loveliness and youth,
As if his spirit, in a trance
Yet struggled with the truth.

“ Why, Carlos, gaze upon the west
So wild and far away,
Are they not here who love thee best
As flowers love the day ?

Then why regretful turn thee to
A place that knows thee not,
Here hearts are warm and friends are true
But there thou art forgot ?

Oh ! let me take the place of all
By time and absence strange,
And I, whatever may befall,
Will never, never change ! ”
“ Yes ! ” he exclaimed, “ my love—my own
Thou shalt be all to me,
And never more I'll think upon
Cold hearts beyond the sea ! ”

TO M. M. G.

Perhaps, dear lady, when the tide
Of time has flown o'er thee and me,
And change the truest hearts have tried,
And things are altered that should be
Unchangeable, and we're no more
What we are now or were before ;

We'll meet and look upon the past,
And sigh o'er each departed joy
Which o'er life's morning sweetly cast
Those beams no after storms destroy,
But leave a dear regret behind
The fondest treasure of the mind.

Ere then the craggy steep of fame
I may ascend with weary tread,
And carve on Helicon my name

With others of the mighty dead,
Nor be forgotten in the throng
Whose names are sacred unto song.

And may I hope that thou wilt be
Unchanged amid this world of change,
That love may light life's path for thee
No matter where thy footsteps range,
And joy be thy attendant still,
And fate obedient to thy will.

But should an envious care arise
To cast a gloom upon thy mind,
May it be as o'er summer skies
A fleeting cloud, nor leave behind
On thy fair soul the faintest trace
To dim the beauty of its face !

And may thy happiness increase
With every year that glides away,
And bring that true and lasting peace
Which stays the hand of cold decay,
And time with lenient hand depart
Nor sear thy tender, truthful heart !

But go, I will not chide thee now,
The loss is thine not mine ;—
I cannot crown so strange a brow
With wreaths which are divine !
But thou wilt learn in after years
The lesson I have learned,
When deep into thy heart the tears
Of broken faith have burned !

BENEATH THE FOREST'S THOUGHTFUL
SHADE.

Beneath the forest's thoughtful shade
One summer eve I walked along,
And to a lonely spot I stray'd
To hear the wild bird's evening song.
The sun had set—o'er earth and sky
A flood of golden light was spread,
And, motionless, the clouds on high
Soft rays of borrowed glory shed.

And as I glided thro' the Past
On memory's entrancing stream,
A gentle spell was o'er me cast
And shadowed a prophetic dream :
Methought that time had rolled the tide
Of changing years above my head,
That age had chilled my youthful pride,
And many I had loved were dead.

Methought that for a life of toil
 I won the glittering prize I sought,
 But when I looked upon the spoil
 I felt it was too dearly bought.
 O, what ! I cried, what is a name,
 The passing praises of a day—
 To gain this hollow, worthless fame
 Has happiness been cast away ?

And then the forms and scenes of youth
 Appeared unto my weeping eyes ;
 The hearts that loved with seeming truth—
 Affections warm without disguise—
 All seemed to mock me in my wo
 Till thou, the best beloved and tried,
 Didst soothe away the tearful flow
 And stand in beauty by my side.

Forgotten then was all my grief,
 I drew thee to my swelling breast,
 My heart o'erladen knew relief,
 And for a moment I was blest !
 My dream has vanished like the past
 Which seems as if it were a dream,
 But like the setting stars which cast
 A longing, loving, backward gleam !

DEAR ANNIE IN THOSE EYES OF BLUE.

Dear Annie, in those eyes of blue,
Now bright with smiles, now dim with tears,
The mirror of a heart I view
Where every passing thought appears.
So fondly do I love to gaze
Into their deeps, that I would fain
Bask in the beauty of their rays
Forever—were it not in vain !

We met, we loved, and now we part,
But say not that it is forever,
For feelings cherished by the heart
In life can be forgotten never !
And when in other scenes thou'lt be
Where thou wilt win the smiles of many,
Perhaps thou wilt remember me,
For I shall ne'er forget thee Annie !

But if, long lost to memory,
The ties of love should all be broken,
Some word or scene may give to thee
Of absent love a kindly token ;
Then o'er the tomb of withered feeling
Thou'lt breathe a sigh or shed a tear,
How fondly on that moment stealing
Will my glad spirit hover near !

TO JERRY'S BRIDE.

Although perhaps you never heard
The wandering minstrel's lay
Who, long accustomed to the sword,
Is uncouth in his way,
Yet unto thee I gladly send
Across the ocean wide,
The fondest wishes of a friend
Unto my Jerry's Bride.

With him, thro' dangers wild and dark,
I crossed that dreary sea,
When long our tempest driven bark
Sought home and liberty ;
Where he, by kinder fortune blest,
Need never leave thy side,
But loose all care upon thy breast—
His fond confiding Bride !

O, Heaven ! if an erring bard
Might dare to frame a pray'r,
I'd ask thy influence to guard
Them from all pain and care ;
All sorrow from their way remove,
Let peace with them abide,
And bless, thro' life, the faithful love
Of Jerry and his Bride !

May flowers spring where thou wilt tread,
And pleasure fill thy days,
And peace upon thy bosom shed
Its purest, sweetest rays ;
And, when long years have past away
My bark may homeward glide,
I'll find thee happy as the day
When first thou wert a Bride ?

WRITTEN ON THE VOYAGE BETWEEN
MALTA AND QUEBEC.

I.

Back to my western home again
I sorrowfully glide,
For time has proved my longings vain
And humbled all my pride.
My songs are hushed, my brow is bent
By pain, and storm, and sun,
The veil that wrapt my soul is rent—
My race is nearly run !

II.

Now looking calmly, coldly back
On all this lapse of time,
I see but little in its track
To make my heart repine,

I toiled for good and suffered ill,
And erring sought the right,
And, like a night watch on a hill,
Oft longing looked for light.

III.

I sought for wisdom in the lore
And tongues of other lands,
And all the fruit my labor bore—
Sad heart and weary hands—
So did I learn what men may learn
Who mix among their kind,
So do I yearn as men will yearn
In restlessness of mind,

IV.

For some sweet phantom which the soul
Has conjured from the deep
Prophetic dreamings of a goal
Where none will toil or weep.
But well I know it is not here
Or there that I will find
The phantom, born of hope and fear,
Which lives within my mind.

V.

Thus sorrowfully I return
Unto my native shore,

That, frowning stormy, wild and stern,
Yet haply doth restore
Old memories and tender ties,
While love and friendship come,
Tho' parted long, still pure and wise
To give a welcome Home !

THE VENGEANCE OF VINCENZO.



Come Cora, sit thee down by me,—
I had an ugly dream last night—
Here, place thy little hand in mine—
Here, in the rosy gleam of sunny light.

Smooth back those truant curls awhile,
For I would gaze into thine eyes,
Those beautiful, deep, azure wells
Where truth, rare gem, most surely lies.

Methought the sun was sinking down
Into the sea beyond Salmone,
And I had left the noisy town
To wander thro' the hills alone.

Among the orange-scented groves
Of old St. Angelo I laid
Me down to dream about our loves—
Start not,—'twas but a dream I said.

While there methought a lady bright
And gallant youth came slowly by,
They were familiar to my sight,
I heard him speak—and her reply—

« And wedded to that dark old man,
Whose fulsome love you so despise :—
O ! fly with me,—’twere better than
To live in falsehood and disguise ! »

Then she—« Oh ! horrid ’tis to bear
Of hateful love the hot caress ;—
Yes, I will fly with thee and dare
From fate a respite or redress ! »

They passed away—the earth below
And sky above did blood beseem :—
Why do you pale and tremble so ?
I said before ’twas but a dream !

My dream then changed, methought ’twas day,
And I was standing by the sea,
Before me a dead body lay,
It was the gallant youth—’twas *He* !

By Heav’n you are deadly pale
You cry for mercy—gasp and scream
Mercy for what ?—can tears avail ?—
My dream was then « not all a dream ! »

SONG .

O ! give me the eye whose pure glances disclose
A mind undefiled as the virginal snows,
Whose smile an enchantment of beauty doth bring
From the soul's warm, gushing, affectionate spring.

O ! give me the heart that with passionate thrill
Remains thro' misfortune unchangeable still,
Oh ! give me the heart that when sorrows arise
Will light with its strong love the gloomiest skies.

Oh ! give me the soul where the feelings that twine
Make purity's bower a temple divine ;
Where truth and fidelity, come from above,
Make its centre a shrine where angels might love.

I'll guard that bright eye from the pain of a tear,
That heart I will shield as a treasure most dear,
I'll yield to that spirit's angelical sway
Remaining its worshipper ever and aye !

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

What folly 'tis for me to write
Who wrote so oft, and wrote in vain,
When dreams which soothe the soul to-night
But give to-morrow greater pain !

Yet, mid the sorrows that arise
Each day around the path we tread,
There is a pleasure that defies
The pangs of coarser pain or dread ;

'Tis memory, whose spell awakes
Some lovely vision of the past
Whose magic power often breaks
The clouds which sorrow o'er us cast.

Thus may I dare to think of thee
Through gloomy life whate'er my lot :—
If here my name recorded be
I too, will not be quite forgot !

WEEP NOT MY LOVE.

Weep not my love there's joy in store
 For us, though sorrow reigns to-day,
 And we will feel its rapture more
 When all our wo has past away.

Tho' life's young morning's overcast
 By storms, the sun of hope shall shine
 More brightly, for they cannot last,
 And happiness will then be thine.

O! then we will, my Love, forget
 The sorrows that once shed a gloom
 Upon our hearts, and not regret
 While fond affections sweetly bloom.

For what is life—those fleeting years
 That come and go, but leave no trace
 Except the wayworn course that tears
 Have left on sorrow's joyless face?

Then let us put our trust above,
And Heav'n will regard the pray'r,
That when we cease on earth to love
For aye we'll be united there.

TO ANNA—SINGING.



Pour out thy wild sweet song, dear maid,
Once more for me, to-night !
For on its stream, like one afraid,
I venture with delight.
Ah ! who can tell the joyous thrill
That rushes thro' the breast,
When thy glad songs the caverns fill
Of hearts by care opprest !

Oh ! sing for me a joyous song
My lonely heart to glad,
For I have suffered much and long
And will at times be sad.
Thou art so beautiful and bright,
So glorious and free,
That I, in my untold delight,
Could almost bend to thee !

My soul is like a bark that flies
Upon a mystic stream
Thro' lands enchanted where the skies
In cloudless beauty beam.
Thro' moonlit groves and towering hills
I'm wafted by thy voice,
My spirit's sail thy breathing fills—
I "tremble and rejoice" !

Upon the outspread wings of song,
Like one released from earth,
I'm borne delightedly along
In joy that is not mirth.
Then pour thy glorious melody,
Bright maid, to me again,
And thoughts that minister to me
Will oft repeat the strain !

I've woven thoughts for other hearts
To tell when I'm no more :
But at thy voice a phantom starts
Up from a nameless shore.
Oh ! that I could forever live,
As when I hear thee sing,
No purer joy the earth could give
No sweeter can it bring !

I HAVE POURED OUT MY SPIRIT BEFORE
THEE.

I have poured out my spirit before thee,
I've opened the gates of my heart,
I have told thee how much I adore thee,
How dear to this bosom thou art !
Afar o'er this world I have wandered,
I have buried the hopes of my youth,
The wealth of my heart I have squandered,
On things that repay with untruth.

Ah ! little I've known of the pleasures
Of life, for I've labored for years ;
All alone I have gathered strange treasures,
That were won by privation and tears.
I have conquered the devil that haunteth
The faltering footsteps of men,
On things that brave bosoms oft daunteth
I have looked, yea, again and again !

Those things for which long I have striven,
I find now are worthless and vain,
The price that for them I have given,
I cannot recover again.

Fold down in thy bosom the pages
That beareth my name and my song,
Forget the dark stranger whose wages
For toiling were sorrow and wrong !

But if, in its gloom and its sorrow,
My name should arise from the past,
O ! think it a dream that to-morrow
Will deep in oblivion cast.
Of many thou wert the one only
That conquered the pride of a soul
Whose greatest delight was when, lonely,
It soared above every control.

But I saw thee, and gently descended
A calm on my spirit serene,
And thy form with those visions were blended,
Which only the poet hath seen.
The enchantment of song and of beauty,
And everything lovely, is thine,
But alone, on the pathway of duty,
To labor and suffer is mine !

TO ROSE—ON HEARING HER SING.

Sweet Lady ! in my sad and thirsting heart
Are memories which have grown to be a part
Of its existence ; there thy name is shrined
With many more—a wreath by love entwined—
But thine shall ever be more deep and strong
As consecrate to beauty and to song :
For on a time thou didst appear to me,
Some bright embodiment of light to be,
From whose sweet lips, where love seem'd to
 repose,
The sweetest music naturally arose.
Entranced I listened to thy voice, until
My soul, no longer subject to my will,
Rushed forth, its way to distant regions winging,
Borne on the stream of thy melodious singing.
Thou wert a spirit then, whose hand swept o'er
The harpstrings of my soul, and to its core
Reverberating, left an echo there

Which has o'ercome even the dark despair
That, wrapt about my bosom, I have borne
Through many lands, until its hand has worn
Furrows which are not records of long time,
Marking the wrecks of passion, woe and crime ;
But, like the rocks that fence a burning isle,
Show dreariest when most they seem to smile.
But if, O, Lady ! there be aught of worth,
Or bright, or beautiful, upon this earth
Which I have found, and treasured in my breast
(The only treasure whose possession blest
My lonely heart,) to such as thee I owe
The sweet companionship which they bestow :—
If I have past thro' many dangers great,
And toiled and suffered, still defying fate ;
If I have kept the source of love and tears
Within me pure, and undefiled for years,
It was the memory of such as thee
That stood a guardian angel over me !

TO MINNIE.

I saw thee—and my heart stood still,
I heard thy voice, and then
My fainting spirit felt a thrill
It may not know again.
It seemed as if from out the past,
In all its grace and truth,
A spirit rose whose beauty cast
A spell upon my youth.

The look and tone—they were the same
That once could charm me so,
And o'er my startled spirit came
The dream of long ago ;
Ere sorrow made its singing sad,
Ere earth had soiled its wings,
When all it knew, or felt, or had,
Was love for lovely things.

The tide of years was backward rolled,
Their gloom thou didst destroy ;
I felt what never yet was told,
I was again a boy.
The spell is thine, but thou may'st ne'er
On me its bliss confer,
But I will ever love thee dear
For being like to her !

LINES ON RECEIVING A COPY OF POEMS.

Dear lady, in thy songs I trace
 Thoughts beautiful and bright,
 Such as I saw steal o'er thy face
 In moments of delight ;
 Deep, pure and strong, their halo spread
 Around thy forehead fair,
 I felt no mortal charm could shed
 A grander beauty there.

I marked thy scorn of worldly rage,
 Thy hatred for the wrong,—
 How glorious is thy heritage,
 O, lovely Child of Song !
 'Tis thine, in youth, to show how far
 The human soul can rise ;—
 To lower ones a guiding star,—
 A beacon in the skies.

The spirit God hath given thee
He seldom gives to man,
The genius of the pure and free,
The heart of giant span ;
All things the good and wise have sought
Since earth began are thine,
The bosom pure, the god-like thought,
The destiny divine !

To one like me to whom the deep
Of misery is known,
Who saw the things that make men weep,
Who toils—and toils alone,
Thou art a being born to grace
A dream of brighter spheres,
Where serpent sorrow leaves no trace
Of agonizing tears.

But ah ! dear Lady, few may find
The power of thy hand,
The vacant heart, the idle mind,
How can they understand ?
Dost thou not know each god-like child
Of light and song hath cried
In grief and disappointment wild
Till, overcome, they died ?

The careless world may seldom know
How their great hearts were riv'n—
Those angels passing to and fro
Between this earth and heav'n !

But O, may it be thine to show
 A brighter fate than this,
 May thy existence free from wo,
 Be one long dream of bliss !

And, when in after years thou'lt turn
 To look upon the past,
 I pray thy spirit may not yearn
 For joy that fled too fast ;
 And may no broken idols strew
 The temple of thy heart,
 Until you pass that portal through
 Which all alike depart !

TO MARY.

“ How beautiful, and calm, and free thou art
In thy young wisdom.”

—*Shelley.*

Methinks in pre-existent dreams
I've gazed upon thy face,
For round thy brow a beauty beams
Which memory can trace
By broken efforts, faint and weak,
Of which I feel but cannot speak.

Or in the far unfathomed deeps
Of thy dark, glorious eyes
I see the shade of one who weeps
For that which never dies :
Sitting alone, disconsolate,
Before a never-opened gate.

Spirit of love to sorrow wed
While yet the earth was young ;—
A pray'r unheard, tho' often said
By souls with anguish wrung.
The old, old tale of love and wo
That many hearts must learn below.

Or in the tresses of thy hair,
Where prisoned sunbeams lie,
I catch a glimpse of things that dare
And mock me as they fly :
The nameless shadows of a thought
That never into light were brought.

I know not—for my heart has blent
Its dreamings with its deeds,
Until the glass of mem'ry rent,
A strange distortion reads ;
Now forms of beauty wondrous fair,
Then demons ugly as despair !

I cannot say all I would say
When on thy face I gaze,
For oh, the clinging curse of clay
Will mock my sweetest lays !
And when I strive to be more glad
The song I sing is doubly sad.

And oftentimes, when thou art near,
My laden soul doth pine
To pour its anguish, love, and fear,
9*

A torrent into thine ;
For oh ! there never was a breast
That longed like mine to be at rest !

For, like the Jewish sage of old
Who from the mountain high
The land of promise might behold
Before he turned to die,
I gaze with swelling heart on thee—
The one last joy on earth for me !

TO MARY.



Sweet maid ! when I am far from thee,
And thou wilt hear no more
The wild and wayward melody
My spirit loved to pour,
Wilt thou remember him who sung
For thee his sweetest lays,
Who at thy feet a treasure flung
That cost him all his days ?

And when the trembling chord vibrates
To memory again,
O ! deem a spirit near thee waits
That did not sing in vain !
For oh ! how seldom wilt thou find
On this unhappy earth,
That sympathy of soul and mind
Which found in Heav'n birth !

And if the things we learn below
Are but the memory
Of former knowledge, then I know
Why thou art dear to me.
For, during all my wanderings,
I never met before
One who, like thee, could touch the strings
Hid in my bosom's core !

Perhaps in those far regions where
Exist the good and wise
I met thy lovely spirit ere
It took a mortal guise ;
And so thou dost appear to me
As one I've known for long,
Allied through immortality,
To my sad soul by song !

EVER FLOW GLADLY O, OTTAWA WATERS!

Ever flow gladly O, Ottawa waters !

Bright be thy shores as a dream of the blest,
Where saw I the brightest among the bright
daughters

Of beauty who dwell in the land of the west !

Lone was the stranger and sad—O, sad hearted !

His was a fate that compelled him to roam
Over the earth since the day when he parted,
In sorrow and gloom, from his country and home.

His was the wo of a spirit o'erladen,

His was a sorrow that few may endure,
Gentle his heart, as the heart of a maiden
Seeking for all that is lovely and pure !

He came to thy margin O, beautiful river !

Thinking « the day of his destiny » fled :—

262 EVER FLOW GLADLY O, OTTAWA WATERS !

O ! blest be the hour that found there a giver
Of joy to a heart that was long with the dead ?

Spirit of song and of beauty ! believe him
Who sings to thee now is akin to thy soul,
Man may annoy, and the world may deceive him,
But thee he will cherish above their control !

Bid him not go from thy presence to languish
Sorrowful years with heartless and proud,
O ! knowest thou not the terrible anguish
Of hearts that must beat all alone in a crowd ?

Take him with thee to thy heaven of beauty,
Teach him like thee to be gentle and wise,
Guide him aright on the path of his duty
Ere worn with the sorrow of living he dies !

TO MARY.

Sweet sister of my soul ! to thee
I'll pour the tide of song,
That I may twine thy memory
With mine for ages long.
I'll cast around thy brow the light
Of poesy and love,
I'll crown and throne thee on a height
All other maids above !

As in a censer, to thy feet
My burning heart I'll bring,
And wrap thee with an incense sweet
While passionate I sing :
My soul will be a chalice made
Libations to outpour
Of gushing wine of thought, unstay'd,
To show how I adore.

I'll tell the world how wildly fair
And beautiful thou art,
The grace and sweetness of thy air,
The goodness of thy heart :
For like the forms that poets see
In wrapt ideal dreams,
That live in heart-hid mystery,
Thy presence on me beams !

I, like the bard who sought his king
Many a weary year
And often would those numbers sing
His master loved to hear,
Have sought for thee in many lands,
But now my search is o'er,
The mourning heart and tired hands
Will mourn and toil no more !

TO MY SISTER.

Night falls upon the city now
A mantle of repose,
Soothing many a weary brow
Forgetful of its woes,
Unto the sentry's measured tread,
Echoes the lonely street,—
Footfalls of danger darkly led
By fancy wildly fleet.

While comrades round the watchlight lie.
In sweet unconscious sleep,
Unheeded I may breathe my sigh,
And think on thee and weep.
Yes, weep that e'er my wayward heart
Had ever learned to roam,
And bear a stranger's weary part
Who strays afar from home.

For tho' the scene be ne'er so fair
The beauty ne'er so bright
It cannot soothe the stranger's care
Nor give his soul delight.
For O ! his conscious mind returns
O'er each dividing sea,
And with affection fondly yearns
To those beloved as thee !

Tho' lone and long the weary way
Which I am forced to take,
Hope smiling points unto the day
Whose morn with joy will break,
And unto home and happiness,
The Wanderer restore,
Whom separation taught to bless,
And love, and leave, no more !

TO W. G. ON HIS BIRTHDAY.



What years, my friend, have past away,
And brought about thy natal day,
 Till we to-night
Have met in friendship's hallowed band
To clasp the honest given hand,
While simple truth and worth command
 Our true delight.

Now is the golden age of man,
The centre of life's mighty span,
 Complete in thee.
Beneath thee now the silent stream
Of time is gliding by unseen
Unto that sea where spirits dream,
 Eternity !

But Hope, sweet angel, rises o'er
The dim and cloud-enveloped shore
 And points above,
Where those who labor here will go
And meet with those they loved below,
While ages will unnumbered flow,
 In peace and love !

Could pray'rs of mine on high avail,
I'd ask of Heaven to entail
 Upon thy head,
Long years of peace, content and joy,
Of happiness without alloy,
And virtue all thy days employ,
 And live when dead !

And may the flowers thou hast reared
Around thy hearth for long be spared
 To cheer thy heart !
And may each budding blossom rise
More beautiful before thine eyes,
To yield that pleasure which defies
 E'en death to part !

TO E. L. ON HIS BIRTHDAY.



My friend thy memory I'll twine,
With thoughts of happy hours,
Such as the reckless wing of time
Has swept from sunny bow'rs,
Scattering them along the way
Where I have wandered till to-day.

I honor thee, for thou hast stood
In battle's wildest storm,
And looked thro' ruin, flame and blood,
On Victory's awful form ;
And wast, while yet in boyish days,
A hero worthy of all praise !

'Twas thine to pass thro' fields of dread
Among the firm and brave,
And see full many a youthful head

Sink tearless in the grave ;
To bear the flag of Freedom high,
'Neath which 'tis great to live or die !

But yet thou has a better claim
Than this to my esteem,
For, with thy friendship, to me came
A bright and happy dream
Of things that, in my wanderings wild,
For years had seldom on me smiled.

And if the wayward strain I wake,
Should tell of darker thought,
Remember every song I make
A gloomy tone hath caught
From years of suffering, toil and grief,
Which seem so long and are so brief.

For when I look upon the past,
Its joys and many woes,
A spectre rises, dim and vast,
And o'er me darkly throws
A shadow many-hued and deep,
Like what we see in fevered sleep.

O ! may this day, which sees thee start
On manhood's proud career,
Cast such a glow upon thy heart
That each succeeding year
Will find thee happier than before,
And still have greater joys in store

And when the hand that traced these lines
To thee is far away,
Think kindly tho' thy thoughts like vines
Have tendrils that decay ;
For one lone poet will enshrine
The memory of thee and thine !

OFF GOZO BY NIGHT.

Return O, thou departed !
 Return ! return to me !
For I am broken hearted
 When thou art gone from me.
The sun its glory veiling
 Has wrapt the earth in gloom,
While I, thy loss bewailing,
 Must wander to the tomb.
Lay me down, lay me down
 Where the shadows frown
Beneath the cypress old,
 My name in the sand
 Has been writ, and the hand
That traced it now is cold !
 Like a purple shroud,
 Is the sunset cloud
That is wafting away my breath,
 And the waves that roar
 On the sounding shore,
Are steeds I will ride on to death !

ON GUARD AT NIGHT.

Lonely is the watch I'm keeping
By the castle old,
And the skies are on me weeping
Tear drops chill and cold.

Through the clouds that roll above me
Gentle stars appear,
Seeming spirits, pure and lovely,
Shedding pity's tear.

O ! dear Minnie, I am weary,
Sinful, weak, and wretched, now ;
And my soul is worn and weary—
Sorrow wrinkles on my brow !

I would fain lie down and slumber,
When my lonely watch is o'er,
One among the happy number
Who have slept to wake no more.

Life increases but my error,
Minnie ! since from thee I fled—
Death, for one, has got no terror
Who seeks freedom with the dead !

MY VOW IS STILL UNBROKEN.

My vow is still unbroken !
Tho' I have roamed thro' sunny lands where
Love is said to glow
More fervent than in our clime,
But beauty only served to show
Writ on my heart a sign
Unspoken !
Perhaps I am but dreaming,
And from these long, long years of separation
I will wake
To find thee still as pure and dear
As I remember thee, and make
My dark dream disappear
In seeming !
But O ! I feel my sorrow
Is all too real, like a winding sheet about
My heart,
I feel it ever—ever there,
And roaming lonely and apart
I hope yet fear to dare
To-morrow !

TO ROSE.

On receiving a portrait with the words "Remember me."

Remember thee ! ah ! how could I
So dear a one forget—
Not even till the day I die
Can I repay the debt
Of gratitude I owe to thee,
Thou wert so good and kind to me !

So little kindness I have known,
So little loving care,
So long I've lived and toiled alone
With thoughts I could not share,
That, even unto thee, I feel
I cannot all I would reveal.

Thou wert the first who gave the hand
Of welcoming to me,

A stranger in my native land,
Whose sorrow was to be
Friendless, neglected, and forgot,
Unknown, unloved, O, weary lot !

My bosom was a vacant shrine,
Tho' filled with treasures great,
The soul that made it once divine
Had left it desolate,
And darkness brooded sadly o'er
The altar that was bright before.

But, like the odors that impart
Strange sweetness to the air,
You stole into my lonely heart
Before I was aware
That its dim halls could be so blest
In having such a lovely guest.

The gentle sweetness of thy ways,
The beauty of thy smile,
The raptured softness of thy gaze,
Are such they would beguile
The coldest hearts to turn and bow
To thee enthralled, as I do now.

Remember thee ! Remember thee !
Yes, until life has past
Forever from me, thou shalt be
My sweetest thought and last ;
And oh, believe me, lady bright
'Twill be my dearest, best delight !

Too soon, alas ! too soon, sweet maid,
It may be mine to go
Where heartless men the world degrade
By many a needless woe,
To be the thing I was, again
To live alone, and toil in vain !

But, when I'm bowed by care or grief,
I'll turn and gaze on this
And from thy smile obtain relief
As from a dream of bliss,
Perhaps when thou'st forgotten long
The child of sorrow and of song.

O ! judge me not by other souls,
By other men or things,
The bond of clay that such controls
Can never bind the wings
Of my wild spirit that can aim
To emulate the proudest fame !

Perhaps upon some future day
A stranger's voice will tell
How he who sings for thee this lay
In some dark moment fell,
Remember, should it bring regret,
He never could or would forget !

THE DREAMER.

Rise ! rise ! rise !
Thou with the glorious eyes,
And the noiseless step, and the queenly air,
And the wings that beareth beyond despair
The soul that is overladen !
Bear me—O ! bear me away !
I am weary of things of clay,
Of the lonely night and the dreary day,
As ever was love lorn maiden.
O ! what is the use to toil
Thro' sorrow and sin, that soil
The soul till it hates itself with a hate,
Which is ever the sharpest sting of fate,
Loathing the body, its wedded mate,
That clings and wrings
With a hot, and a heavy, and dull caress,
As the clutches of drowning men oppress ;
Tho' hope be fled from the wide, wild sea

That smiles in its deep serenity
While sinking, shrinking,
Down we go
Deep in the bottomless sea of wo !
No child of this unhappy earth
Art thou,
Like those who laugh with a cruel mirth,
Thy brow
Is not like theirs low, bent, and lined,
Telling so well that the brain behind
Is the failing spark of decaying mind.
Nor like the daughters of men who smile
In heartless loveliness and guile,
So little, and foolish, and vain, they be ;
But yet, perhaps, there are one or two
To whom God hath given a soul more true,
But even these, so good and few,
Are not like thee !
What sayest thou spirit so calm and fair ?—
“ The earth is thine to labor, there
Is much for thee if thou wouldst share
A glorious prize.”
But I have striven so long in vain
Thro’ light and darkness, joy and pain,
And there is nothing I can gain
That I care to have, tho’ I would fain
Be of the good and wise !
“ Fool ! Fool ! the age
Of dreams has past—upon the page
Of life go write—as well you might—
By worthy action truer songs

Than ever you wrote before ;
For thou hast done and suffered wrongs,
And all that is thine to God belongs—

Go work ! He will restore
The peace far from thee fled !
There never yet was child of man
But had in the Almighty's plan,
A place to fill, if but a span,
And that among the dead !
Go try—Good Bye ! ”

A DIRGE.

Come thou who in my secret heart hath been
The veiled companion of my lonely ways ;
Thou who the halls of memory hath seen
Lit up by many bright but fleeting rays !

Come mourn with me upon the dreary void
Which death hath made in my afflicted heart,
Whose coward hand each kindred tie destroyed,
And tore each golden wreath of hope apart !

For she is dead the beautiful and bright
Whose kindred were all good and lovely things,
From weary earth her soul hath taken flight
To Heaven, wafted upon angel wings.

Come then we will not weep for one at rest
From many sorrows haply she is free,
The young who die in dying are more blest
Than those who live for deeper misery !

I, to the dregs, have quaffed the bitter bowl,
She only tasted of its smiling brim ;
Its deadly poison cankers in my soul,
But her young spirit it did hardly dim !

She did not see how love grows faint or cold,
Nor mark caresses turn to frowns of hate,
She did not know the things that make men old,
Nor view the wrecks upon the shore of fate !

The sweet young love that nestled in her heart
Had not yet raised its gaudy wings to fly ;
She did not feel her purity depart,
With years that brought her in the end to die.

But in the glorious morn of hope and youth,
She left the earth to seek her native skies,
Where misery is wedded not to truth,
And where the lovely never, never dies !

•
AN EPICEDE.

Oh ! mother weep not for thy child
For blessed are the dead,
The waves of time cold, dark and wild
Sweep harmless o'er her head.
How many barks by tempests tost,
With rudder, sail, and compass lost
Drive o'er life's dreary sea,
When storms that sweep around their path
Are but the instruments of warth
From which they vainly flee.

O ! happy are the young who die !
They but return the same
Unto that heavenly home on high
From which they lately came ;
While we, compell'd to toil for years
Thro' scenes of anguish blood and tears,
And bosoms worn and sad,

Decay like wrecks upon that shore
Out o'er whose waves we'll never more
Go bounding young and glad !

Remember He, who from the tomb
Bade Lazarus arise,
Did die himself to break the gloom
That shut out Paradise !
And, when thy heart is bow'd with grief,
O ! think—the thought will bring relief—
That thy lost one is near ;
For ties that bind our souls on earth
Receive in Heaven purer birth—
More holy, strong and dear !

I would not pray for lengthened days
For those whom most I cherish,
For earth has not, in all its ways
A hope that will not perish.
The eye that reads from youth to age
The book of life will find the page
A dull evented story ;—
The chime that rings our marriage bell
Will also toll our passing knell
When perishes our glory !

CANADA OUR HOME.



The skies are fair that beam above
Far lands' of fame and song,
Where eyes that look the sweetest love,
In sunny vallies throng ;
But oh ! give me the forest hills,
Where happy I may roam,
Where every dear affection thrills
For Canada, our home.

The annals of our native land
May be but rough and brief,
But there is many a fearless hand
To guard the maple leaf.
Let danger threaten when it will,
We'll meet whate'er will come—
Remaining firm and faithful still
To Canada our home.

The mountains, woods, and torrents wild,
Where chainless freedom dwells,
Have charms unto the forest child
Which everything excels.
Oh ! for the joyful wind that flies
Beneath the leafy dome
By lakes that beam like beauty's eyes
In Canada our home.

Let other nations boast the fame
Of hero and of sage :
What is their glory but a name
Upon a blotted page ?
Behold a land from tyrants pure
As wild Atlantic's foam,
Where love and beauty dwell secure
In Canada our home.

Young giants of the north and west,
The nations hail your birth,
Your heritage is of the best
That e'er was claimed on earth ;
Firm as your hills, bright as your streams,
Your glory shall become,
And realize hope's brightest dreams
In Canada our home.

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REST THEE ! BELOVED.

—

Rest thee ! beloved, the dream is o'er !
Chill death has torn thee from my heart,
But faith and hope point on before
Where we will meet and never part !

We could not keep thee always here
Along life's weary way to roam ;
God called thee to a brighter sphere,
And gave thee an eternal home.

In christian faith we are resigned,
Yet will the tears of sorrow flow,
For one like thee we'll never find,
And love like thine we'll never know !

Beneath the shadow of thy God,
With those who went before thee, rest !
Thro' death's dark valley thou hast trod
To mingle with the faithful blest !

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Another age
May see this page,
And, reading, may not find
The lesson wise
That in it lies
Which we have left behind.
Through life we moved,
We lived and loved
In joy, or hope, or pride,
But when at last
It all had past,
'Twas nothing—and we died !

NOTES

TO

THE FALL OF QUEBEC.

Note 1, Stanza III, page 53.

"Then I will make beneath thy maple bowers."

The commencement of this poem, and as far as the XXV stanza, was composed in Waterdown, Canada West, some time before my departure in 1859 for England, and lay a long time among my papers unfinished, till I accidentally discovered and concluded it during the leisure hours of night duty on Gibraltar. Any one acquainted with the life of a soldier, in that garrison, will know that I could not have the opportunity nor the time necessary to bestow much care upon the composition, which has grown to its present state under circumstances the most unfavourable. So multifarious and never-ending are the duties of a soldier, that it is very seldom indeed that he can obtain the quiet necessary for the indulgence of thought, a great luxury to one compelled to live amid the uproar of a barrack.

Note 2, Stanza VI, page 54.

"When to the river came a lonely wight."

The story upon which the opening of this poem is founded, will be found in the "*Percy Anecdotes of Captivity and Exile.*"

Note 3, Stanza X, page 56.

"Brave Braddock fell in battle's scathing glare."

"General Braddock lost his life in Virginia by the French and Indians in the war in which General Wolfe afterwards fell on the heights of Quebec, in Canada. The French having determined to connect their Canadian colony with their other possessions in Louisiana, by a chain of fortified military stations which interfered with the British territories, General Braddock, with an army of 2,000 English, was despatched to Virginia, where he arrived in February, 1755, at Richmond. With 390 waggons of provisions, ammunition and baggage, he reached in July the Monongahela, a branch of the river Ohio. Washington, who was then at the age of twenty-three, joined him as a volunteer, in capacity of aid-de-camp, and from his accurate knowledge of his native country, and of the Indian mode of warfare, would have furnished the English commander with the information requisite for the success of his expedition, but Braddock's self sufficiency contemptuously disregarded the advice of American officers. Having advanced on the 9th of July within six miles of Fort du Quesne, now Pittsburg, where he supposed the enemy awaited his approach, his columns, in silently passing through a deep forest ravine, were suddenly struck

with the utmost terror by the frightful war-whoop of the Indians from the dense thickets on both sides, and the murderous fire of invisible rifles that with infallible aim killed each its man. Rushing forward, they were surprised and attacked in front by the French forces, while the Indian warriors, leaping by hundreds from their ambush, fell upon them with fury in the rear. Their strange and hideous appearance, and the echo of their piercing dog-like yelp in such a gloomy wilderness of trees, so startled the English soldiers, who for the first time heard it, that the panic which seized them continued till half the army was destroyed. With the single exception of Washington, who received several rifle balls through his dress, and had two horses shot under him, no officer escaped alive. Braddock himself after mounting in succession five horses, was shot and carried off on a tumbrel by the remnant of his troops, who fled precipitously forty miles to the place in which the baggage had been left, where he died. Throughout Virginia, the inhabitants of which feared an invasion from the French, this disastrous defeat occasioned great consternation, and to the present day it is there a subject of interesting discussion, as connected with the career of Washington." (*History of the late War in America, and the Campaigns against His Majesty's Indian enemies.* By Thomas Mante, 4to, 1764 ; *Gent. Mag.* vol. XXV, page 378.)

Note 4, Stanza XII, page 57.

" *While Squaws attend to cure him for the Gauntlet race.*"

It seems that this mode of treating their enemies was adopted from their white neighbours, by whom it was at that time practised as a military punishment. The name

Gaunlet, or Gauntlope, is derived from Ghent, the name of the city where it was first practised. It is thus described in the "*Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences*," by E. Chambers. "Running the Gauntlope thro' parade at Guard mounting, drawn up in two lines for that purpose. On this occasion the Provost marches through with twigs or switches, and every soldier takes as many as there are criminals to be punished; the criminal then marches through the two lines, and each soldier gives him a hard stroke, the Major riding up and down to see that the men lay on properly."

Note 5, Stanza XVII, page 59.

*"Ononthio, he heard the Chieftan say,—
Had sent to tell them peace was at an end."*

Ononthio was the name by which the French Governors of Canada were known and addressed by their Indian allies. It signifies Big Mountain, being a translation into the Indian tongue of Montmagny, the name of an early Governor of the colony of Quebec, and was ever after used in this sense until the time of Wolfe's conquest.

Note 6, Stanza XXXV, page 66.

"Then loudly thunders the besieging gun."

"On the extreme right of the enemy's position, that is to say, close to the junction of the two rivers, (St. Lawrence and Montmorency) stood a redoubt, considerably detached from the rest of their works, yet so placed as to form an

admirable point of reconnoissance. Wolfe determined, if possible, to make himself master of it, partly with the hope that the enemy, in their eagerness to save it, would bring on a general action ; partly with the design, in case this anticipation should fail, of turning it to the best account which circumstances would allow. With this view he prevailed upon the Admiral to arm a transport of shallow burthen, which, when the fitting moment came, might be run close in shore, and keep the batteries silent by her superior weight of fire. A small frigate was directed to take her station at the same time in mid-channel, so as to command a battery which Montcalm had thrown up for the defence of the ford already alluded to, under the falls of the Montmorency, while the grenadiers of the whole army, with the greater portion of General Monckton's brigade, were told off for a descent from the fleet's boats, in rear of the post threatened. These several dispositions were to be made just before the ebb tide should fall so low as to enable the brigades of Murray and Townsend to traverse the stream, and the attack was to take place in the afternoon of the 31st, both the land and water columns moving on at the same moment."

" Lives of Brit. Mil. Com., Vol. 11, page 341."

Note 7, Stanza XXXVI, page 67.

" Then flashed the claymores of the Fraser clan."

If I do not err, this clan which rendered such signal service at the taking of Quebec, was deeply implicated in the Rebellion of 1745, and the Master of Lovet, mentioned in the text, was a descendant of that Lord Lovet who was executed for High Treason.

Note 8, Stanza XXXVII, page 67.

"Here let us pause to look upon a form."

"Among the many illustrious names that fill up the page of British Military History, there is not, perhaps, one to which a stronger, a more romantic, or more melancholy interest attaches than that of Wolfe. His prominent appearance on the stage of public life at a moment when the arms of England were everywhere suffering reverses; the good fortune as well as gallantry, with which he succeeded in retrieving the somewhat tarnished honour of his country; his death, in the very prime of manhood, on a well fought field, just as the shout of victory began to be raised by his followers; all these circumstances have combined to establish for him a species of renown which the bravest soldier of modern times may envy, the most favoured alone hope to emulate."

"Lives of Brit. Mil. Com., vol. 11, page 317."

"The command of the army in the river St. Lawrence was conferred on Wolfe, who, like Washington, could have found happiness in retirement. His nature, at once affectionate and aspiring, mingled the kindest gentleness with an impetuous courage which was never exhausted or appalled. He loved letters and wrote well; he had studied the science of war profoundly, joining to experience a creative mind; and the vehement passion for immortal glory overcame his motives to repose. 'I feel called upon,' he had once written on occasion of his early promotion, 'to justify the notice taken of me by such exertions and exposure of myself as will probably lead to my fall.' And the day before departing for his command, in the inspiring presence of Pitt, he forgot danger, glory, everything but the overmastering purpose to devote himself to his country."

Bancroft's history of the American Revolution, vol. 1,"

Note 9, Stanza XXXIX, page 68.

"Swiftly the barges dash athwart the stream."

"The enemy, who had slackened their fire during the last half hour, no sooner got the boats within range, then they opened upon them with increased fury, and some effect: a few, though only a few, were sunk; while the remainder pressed forward, the sailors encouraging one another at the oar, and the soldiers shouting, from time to time, as it were in defiance of the fate which threatened them. Already were they within two hundred yards of the beach, when a ledge of rocks, which by some unaccountable oversight had not previously been noticed, presented itself all at once to impede their further progress. Wolfe threw himself immediately into a man-of-war's cutter, and followed by a flat bottomed boat rowed along this ledge, under a murderous shower of grape, till he descried a channel through which they might pass. They followed their daring leader in excellent order, and still in some degree covered by the broadsides of the frigate and transport, each, as it gained the strand, disembarked its gallant cargo."

"Lives of Brit. Mil. Com., vol. II, page 342."

Note 10, stanza XLIII., page 70.

"But all their dauntless valor was in vain."

"The men became exasperated by witnessing the loss of so many of their comrades; while an over anxiety to close with their assailants produced its customary effects,—a reckless, daring, but ill-regulated valor. The grenadiers, in particular, no sooner touched the soil, than setting all the commands

and entreaties of their officers at defiance, they rushed forward, but in total disorder, upon the redoubt; and they were, as might be expected, cut down by hundreds, without producing the smallest impression. * * *

The decisive moment was lost; the enemy evacuated the redoubt, it is true, and fell back upon their lines, where they stood ready to receive the charge of the English as soon as it should be given. * * * Wolfe was eventually compelled to order the retreat of this corps, which at last attained to something like consistency in rear of Monckton's brigade."

"Lives of Brit. Mil. Com., vol. II, page 343-4."

Note 11, Stanza XLV., page 70.

"On Orleans Isle was seen nor guard nor tent."

"Wolfe applied himself intently to reconnoitring the north shore above Quebec. Nature had given him good eyes as well as a warmth of temper to follow first impressions. He himself discovered the cove which now bears his name, where the bending promontories almost form a basin with a very narrow margin, over which the hill rises precipitously. He saw the path which wound up the steep, tho' so narrow that two men could hardly march in it abreast; and he knew by the number of tents which he counted on the summit, that the Canadian post which guarded it could not exceed a hundred. Here he resolved to land his army by surprise. To mislead the enemy, his troops were kept far above the town, while Saunders, as if an attack were intended at Beauport, set Cook the great mariner, with others, to sound the water and plant buoys along the shore.

"The day and night of the 12th were employed in preparations; the autumn evening was bright; and the general under the clear starlight, visited his stations to make his final inspection, and utter his last words of encouragement. As he passed from ship to ship, he spoke to those in the boat with him of the poet Gray, and the "Elegy in a Country Church Yard." "I," said he, "would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow;" and while the oars struck the river as it rippled in the silence of the night, under the flowing tide, he repeated:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

"Every officer knew his appointed duty, when at one o'clock in the morning of 13th of September, Wolfe, with Monckton and Murray, and about half the forces, set off in boats, and, without sail or oars, glided down with the tide. In three quarters of an hour the ships followed, and though the night had become dark, aided by the rapid current they reached the cove just in time to cover the landing. Wolfe and the troops with him leaped on shore; the light infantry, who found themselves borne by the current a little below the entrenched path, clambered up the steep hill, staying themselves by the roots and boughs of the maple, and spruce, and ash trees that covered the precipitous declivity, and, after a little firing, dispersed the picket which guarded the height. The rest ascended safely by the pathway. A battery of four guns on the left was abandoned to Colonel Howe. When Townshend's division disembarked the English had already gained one of the roads to Quebec, and advancing in front of the forest, Wolfe stood at daybreak

with his invincible battalions on the plains of Abraham, the battle field of empire.

“ ‘ It can but be a small party come to burn a few houses and retire,’ said Montcalm, in amazement, as the news reached him in his retrenchments the other side of the St. Charles ; but obtaining better information,—‘ Then,’ he cried, ‘ they have at last got to the weak side of this miserable garrison ; we must give battle and crush them before mid-day ! ’ and before ten, the two armies, equal in numbers, each being composed of less than five thousand men, were ranged in presence of one another for battle. The English, not easily accessible from intervening shallow ravines and rail fences, were all regulars, perfect in discipline, terrible in their fearless enthusiasm, thrilling with pride at their morning’s success, commanded by a man whom they obeyed with confidence and love. The doomed and devoted Montcalm had what Wolfe called but ‘ five weak French battalions,’ of less than five thousand men, mingled with disorderly peasantry,’ formed on ground which commanded the position of the English. The French had three little pieces of artillery, the English one or two. The two armies cannonaded each other for nearly an hour, when Montcalm having summoned Bourgainville to his aid, and despatched messenger after messenger after de Vaudreuil, who had fifteen hundred men at the camp, to come up, before he should be driven from his ground, endeavoured to flank the British and drive them down the steep bank of the river. Wolfe counteracted the movement, by detaching Townshend with Amherst’s regiment, and afterwards a part of the Royal Americans, who formed on the left with a double front. Waiting no longer for more troops, Montcalm led the French army impetuously to the attack. The ill-disciplined companies broke by their precipitation and the unevenness of the ground, and fired

by platoons without unity. The English, especially the 43rd and 47th, where Monckton stood, received the shock with calmness, and after having at Wolfe's command, reserved their fire till their enemy was within forty yards, their line began a regular, rapid and exact discharge of musketry. Montcalm was present everywhere, braving danger, wounded, but cheering by his example. The second in command, de Sennebergues, an associate in glory at Ticonderoga, was killed. The brave, but untried Canadians, flinching from a hot fire in the open field, began to waver, and so soon as Wolfe, placing himself at the head of the 28th and the Louisburg grenadiers, charged with bayonets, they everywhere gave way. Of the English officers, Carleton was wounded; Barre, who fought near Wolfe, received in the head a ball which destroyed the power of vision of one eye, and ultimately made him blind. Wolfe also as he led the charge, was wounded in the wrist, but still pressing forward, he received a second ball, and having decided the day, was struck a third time, and mortally, in the breast. 'Support me,' he cried, to an officer near him, 'let not my brave fellows see me drop.' He was carried to the rear, and they brought him water to quench his thirst. 'They run, they run,' spoke the officer on whom he leaned. 'Who runs?' asked Wolfe, as his life was fast ebbing. 'The French,' replied the officer, give way everywhere. 'What,' cried the expiring hero, 'do they run already? Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton, bid him march Welles' regiment with all speed to Charles river to cut off the fugitives.' Four days before he had looked forward to early death with dismay, 'Now, God be praised, I die happy!' These were his words as his spirit escaped in the blaze of his glory.

"Night, silence, the rushing tide, veteran discipline, the sure inspiration of genius, had been his allies; his battle

field, high over the ocean river, was the grandest theatre on earth for illustrious deeds ; his victory, one of the most momentous in the annals of mankind, gave to the English tongue and the institutions of the Germanic race the unexplored and seemingly infinite West and North. He crowded into a few hours actions that would have given lustre to a length of life, and filling his day with greatness, completed it before its noon."

Bancroft's History of the American Revolution, Vol. 1.

NOTES TO MALTA.

(1.) *Bella fior del mondo*, i. e., beautiful flower of the World, is the name by which the natives of Malta distinguish their island.

(2.) The castle of St. Elmo stands on the extreme point of land which separates the two harbors that lie at each side of the city of Valletta ; And is famous for the determination with which it was defended by the Knights of St. John against the Turks in the sixteenth century : not a soldier of the cross surrendered and the castle was only taken when the last Knight had fallen.

(3.) St. Angelo, however, and the suburb of *il Borgo* attached to it, successfully resisted the siege, where the Grand Master *La Vелlette* then near eighty years old commanded in person. *L'Isle Adam* was the Grand Master who, after the dispersion of the Knights from Rhodes, procured the island of Malta from Charles V, and established the order there.

(4.) During the mastership of Cassière, the Knights rose in rebellion against him : and it is a sad mark of the state

of morality then existing among them when we find that one of their causes of complaint to the Pope was, that the Grand Master would not allow the Knights to live with their mistresses, or rear and educate their children in the colleges of the island. The rebels seized the Grand Master and led him through the streets of Valletta, where he endured every indignity from the abandoned paramours of his unworthy followers, and imprisoned him in the Castle of St. Angelo, the Pope at length interfered and Cassière went to Rome, where he shortly after died.

(5.) There is a narrow gloomy street leading nearly the whole length of Valletta where in former times the Knights decided their quarrels by the sword, in fact this street was the acknowledged duelling ground of Malta, encounters which took place here, no matter how fatally they might terminate, were never taken notice of. The custom in Catholic countries of marking a cross near the place where a tragedy had been enacted is here fully exemplified, for crosses are to be seen at every step cut in the walls of the houses to a great many of which dates are appended.

(6.) The keys of Jerusalem and Rhodes, mere bunches of rusty iron, are to be seen in one of the chapels of the church of St. John, the interior of which is the strangest and most beautiful in the world.

(7.) *Salmon* is a high bleak hill to the west of the bay where the Maltese have a tradition that St. Paul was wrecked. An ancient tower built on its summit, is now a signal station and commands a magnificent view of Malta, Gozo and Cameno.

(8.) *Citta Notabile* or, as it is now called, *Citta Vecchia*, is commandingly situated on a hill in the centre of the island,

and is like those cities we read of in the "Arabian tales;" its streets are lined with beautiful churches and palaces in or about which it is something wonderful to see a living being except an occasional old gray-bearded friar. It was strongly fortified by Villina, but is now dismantled and decaying.

(9.) The Bells of Malta are something which cannot be described, a person must hear them to have any idea of their wonderful power; some times for days and nights it is utterly impossible to hear anything else. They have a strange and pleasing effect when first heard, but their constant clatter becomes wearisome in the extreme. Shortly before I left the island Sir H. K. Storks issued an order relative to the ringing of bells, which had the concurrence of the R. C. Bishop, but the canons of the church of San Lorenzo refused to obey it, and were consequently suspended from their functions which had the effect of abating the nuisance. The 100th Regiment left Malta on the 15th October, 1866, and though I was not sorry to leave "Sirocco, sun and sweat;" there are many sad and pleasing memories connected with my sojourn there.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

La Sentinella.....	3
The Fall of Quebec.....	52
The Lament of Armand.....	94
Hiamorah.....	121
Malta.....	164
Lines on leaving Canada.....	172
Lines on arriving in Canada.....	175
Written in an Album.....	178
Ontario.....	180
The death of the Old Year.....	183
I only sing for those I love.....	185
The Moonlight Storm	186
The Shipwreck.....	189
To Clotilde.....	191
Now o'er the Forest wild and deep.....	192
The Night Bird.....	195
Arise ! my Countrymen, Arise !.....	198

Lines written in my Sister's Album.....	200
The Lost Spirit.....	202
Off Cape San Garcia.....	204
Psychos.....	206
To Celestine.....	209
On leaving Gibraltar.....	212
At Last.....	214
Mary of Clare.....	216
To the Governor of the Moorish Castle, Gibraltar	218
A Stranger Stood.....	220
To M. M. G.....	223
To Ella.....	225
I'll Sing for Thee.....	226
I deemed thou wert as good as fair.....	228
Beneath the forest's thoughtful shade.....	230
Dear Annie in those eyes of blue.....	232
To Jerry's Bride.....	234
Written on the voyage between Malta and Quebec	236
The Vengeance of Vincenzo	239
Song	241
Written in an Album.....	242
Weep not my love.....	243
To Anna—Singing.....	245
I have poured out my spirit before thee.....	247
To Rose—On hearing her sing.....	249

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

xix

To Minnie	251
Lines on receiving a copy of Poems.....	253
To Mary	256
To Mary	259
Ever flow gladly O, Ottawa waters !.....	261
To Mary	263
To my Sister.....	265
To W. G. on his Birthday.....	267
To E. L. on his Birthday.....	269
Off Gozo by Night.....	272
On Guard at Night.....	273
My vow is still unbroken.....	275
To Rose	276
The Dreamer	279
A Dirge	282
An Epicede.....	284
Canada Our Home.....	286
Rest Thee ! Beloved.....	288
Written in an Album.....	289
Notes to the Fall of Quebec.	
Notes to Malta.	

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